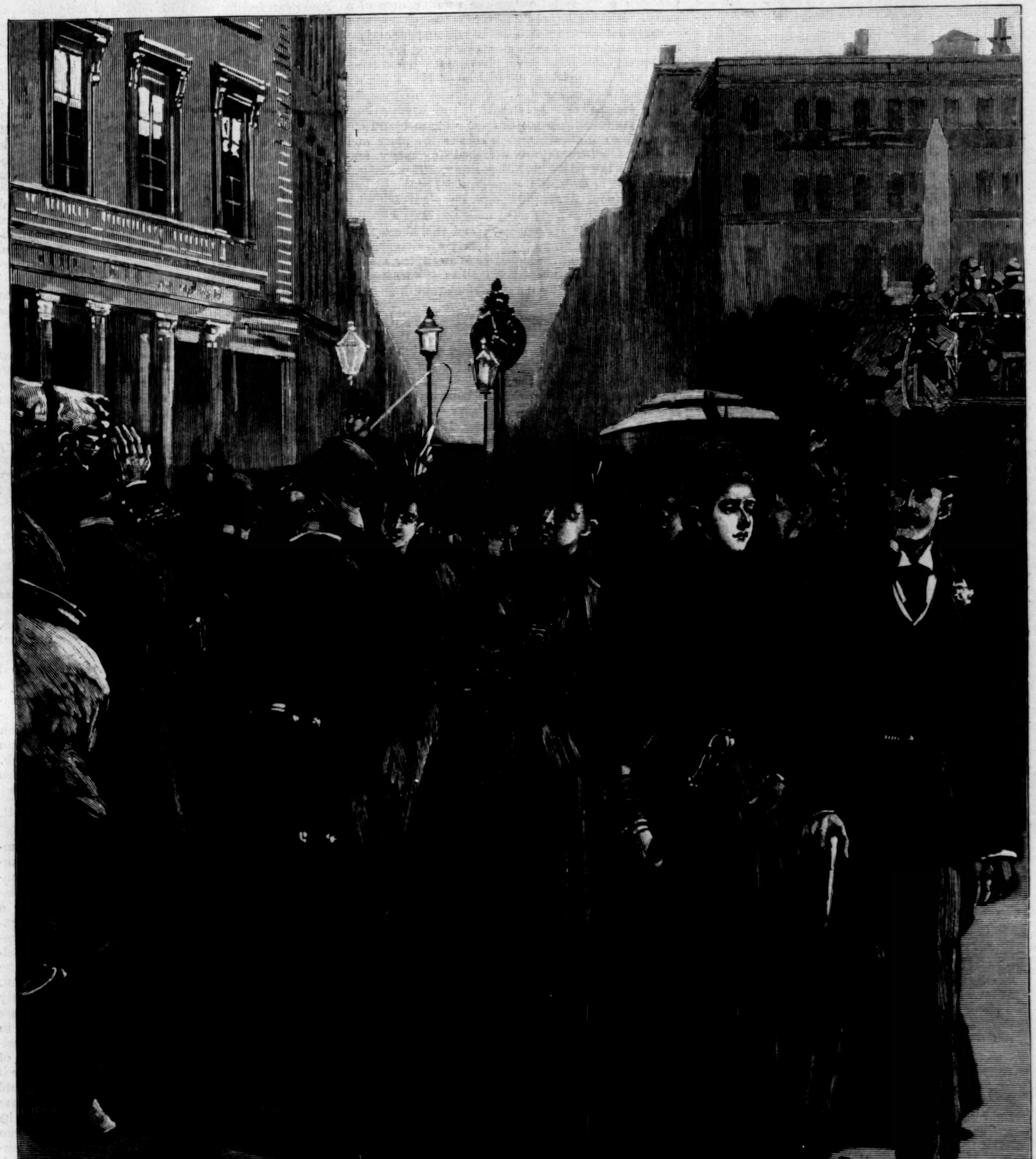
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXIII.—No. 1718.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



A SATURDAY AFTERNOON ON BROADWAY AT MADISON SQUARE.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 935.]

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE unquestionably ranks as the foremost juvenile publication in the country."—*Albany Press.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *for November 19th contains the second part of a story entitled "Bonnyboy," by* HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, *with a full page illustration by* H. F. FARNY; *the tenth instalment of "The Red Mustang," by* WILLIAM O. STODDARD; *and a short story by* DAVID KER.

HARRY W. BEECHER, *the famous "quarter back" of the Yale foot-ball eleven, writes entertainingly of how the game is played at New Haven, and shows how a "'Varsity" player is trained.*

"A Soap Bubble" is the subject of the latest of MRS. HERRICK'S *"Little Experiments" for young people.*

The Christmas Carol published in this number, which is by MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *with music by* VICTOR BAIER, *is something that tens of thousands of children have come to look forward to as regularly as the Christmas season approaches.*

The next number will be the Thanksgiving Number, and the next after that (published December 3d) the Christmas Number.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

No. 1718.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING, like Christmas, comes but once a year. But the remark is equally true of the Fourth of July and Decoration Day, and New-Year's Day itself, and as each is a happy and welcome holiday, the year is not quite so forlorn as the weeping boy in Mr. NAST'S Christmas Drawings would imply. Thanksgiving Day, however, has the advantage of coming first in the long interval after Independence Day, and serves as the immediate herald of Christmas and New-Year's. These great holidays are all intimately associated with good cheer. Their names are suggestive of turkey and pumpkin pie, of roast beef and plum-pudding. They are devoted in imagination to good eating and drinking, to hearty social welcome and profuse hospitality. They have a religious character also. But church-going is by no means universal, nor is it felt to be especially obligatory on Thanksgiving or Christmas. The first, indeed, is held to be a kind of secular Sunday, a day when the minister may come very near talking politics in the pulpit, or when, at least, he may discourse of political morality, and insist that all is not fair at the polls and in the custom-house any more than in the office and in church.

Indeed there was one minister who held stoutly to the belief that the Golden Rule was intended to apply to every human relation and transaction, and to every week-day as well as Sunday. He was a well-meaning man, and his parish was very patient with all his vagaries, although even the deacons admitted that he was queer, and they sometimes smiled pleasantly as they asked how the good man would work his Golden Rule at the primaries, and how it would look, neatly lettered in becoming gold, over the platform of Tammany Hall. But the deacons have been known to be puzzled when the pastor, after laughing at their banter, insisted upon knowing what the rule applied to if not to business and politics. "If Christianity lays down this rule of conduct it must apply to the ordinary affairs of life, must it not, Deacon Jones?" And Deacon Jones could not deny it. "Very well. In this country business and politics are our common pursuits, are they not, Deacon Smith?" And Deacon Smith was forced to assent. "Very well. Now, gentlemen, if the Golden Rule does not apply to business and politics every day in the week, what does it apply to, and when?" asked their pastor, with a shrewd twinkle of the eyes; and the deacons could only raise their eyebrows and shrug their shoulders.

But their minister would not let them off with a shrug, and required an answer. "If a man," he said, "cheats at the custom-house and lies in trade, as horse-jockeys have been known to do—if he flours the sugar and scants the yardstick or the quart pot, or buys or bullies a vote, he is an unchristian man, isn't he?" The deacons assented. "Well, then, what proportion of people in Christendom are Christians? And when it is said that the precepts of Christianity are intended as incentives and not as actual practical rules of daily conduct in our daily business, why is not such a declaration a denial of the Master? A man, my good friends," said the pastor to his deacons, "doesn't prove his religious faith merely by going to church, nor by subscribing to foreign missions, but in his daily business. And if you concede that, you will also agree that the question of domestic Christian missions is quite as urgent as that of foreign missions." The deacons, on the occasions of such outbreaks from the minister, good-humoredly agreed, but reminded him pleasantly that it is always wise for a minister to avoid preaching politics, to make allowance for human nature, and to confine the discussion of secular subjects like the Golden Rule to Thanksgiving Day.

ONE LESSON OF THE AUTUMN ELECTION.

THERE have been all kinds of local explanations of the significance of the late election. But there is a general significance which is not susceptible of local explanation. The administration party was practically defeated in its three strongholds. In Massachusetts the head of the ticket was elected, not by a majority, but by a small plurality, and in Ohio and Iowa he was beaten. Doubtless, many reasons may be offered, but the chief reason is apparent. The Republican party is following the usual course of a party. It is organized by men of strong convictions to carry out certain policies. It gains power and secures its objects. As the dominant party, it attracts the crowd of political adventurers, traders, and bummers, and it is gradually transformed into a highly organized and disciplined body, intent upon ascendency and power. Its standards are steadily lowered. Its leadership passes from statesmen and enthusiasts to trimmers and schemers for place and pelf. Its adherents are detached for many reasons, and the party crumbles away. The Federal party, after organizing the government of the Union, divided under JEFFERSON and disappeared under MONROE. The Whig party, unable to cope with the question of slavery, vanished, and the Democratic party, becoming virtually the party of slavery, was driven from power for a quarter of a century, and in a new generation, when slavery has disappeared, is still half paralyzed by the obnoxious traditions of its name.

The Republican party has survived the national situation and the great issue from which it sprang, and now presents itself as the party of high protection. This is a question wholly different from that of its origin, and involves a change, which is apparent in its new leadership and methods, and which deprives it of the moral enthusiasm which was the great characteristic of its prime. Its real strength now lies in its tradition, and the conflict within the party itself is between those who would renew that tradition, in the relation of the party to actual issues, and those who care only for power and patronage. The election of the autumn shows an indifference which is a dangerous augury. The spell of the great name and the glorious tradition is broken. There were pledges and promises in the national platform of last year which served to rekindle hope in many older Republicans, and to forecast what they desired. The result of the election indicates, in part at least, their profound disappointment.

One of the most practical lessons is plain enough. The possession and distribution of the spoils of place do not strengthen a party. It is an old saying of a shrewd politician that a political appointment generally makes a dozen enemies and one ingrate. The warmest supporter of the administration might be challenged to show how Mr. WANAMAKER'S sweep of the post-offices has benefited his party. Even Mr. PLATT in New York, the acknowledged Republican leader, says that "dissatisfaction and disappointment over the distribution of the favors of the administration may have contributed somewhat to the apathetic feeling and lack of interest." Certainly there is no sign of pride, confidence, or hope in the administration party discernible in the general result. The only enthusiasm in the campaign was in the Democratic party in Massachusetts, where the candidate was a young man of high character and ability, who represented, not the tradition of his party, but honest government and a wise national policy, and who was supported by a great body of young men who were recently Republicans, and others who would have been Republicans twenty years ago. The general independence in voting which we anticipated before the election was signally evident this year, and it is one of the most infallible signs of the political health of the country.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

THE republic of the United States is the lineal offspring of the Reformation. Religious liberty, or the right of private judgment, is the twin of political and civil liberty. It is a curious coincidence, therefore, that the centenary of the American Union is also that of the Roman Catholic Church in America, an anniversary which has been celebrated with due ecclesiastical pomp in Baltimore, the seat of the first Catholic bishop, who was of the old CARROLL family in Maryland. Bishop RYAN, who delivered the sermon at the opening of the Congress, stated that the first synod of the Church after Bishop CARROLL'S consecration assembled only twenty-one priests, of seven different nationalities. There is now in the country a Catholic population of 9,000,000. There are 8000 priests, 10,500 churches and chapels, 27 seminaries, 650 colleges and academies, and more than 3000 parish schools. In New England, which was settled by Puritans of the Puritans, and where sixty years ago there were but one bishop, two priests, and two public places of worship, there are now one archbishop, six bishops, 942 priests, 619 churches, with private chapels, colleges, schools, and benevolent institutions.

Bishop RYAN insisted strongly upon the patriotism of his Church, but he admitted that in the last century it could have done more for the colored race and the Indians, saying that slavery and the injustice toward Indians were the two great blots upon our civilization, and he trusted that the Church would hereafter make reparation for her remissness. He declared that the Roman Church in America had demonstrated that it could live and advance without state influence, and that the atmosphere of liberty is most congenial to her constitution and most conducive to her progress. He urged upon his brethren a cordial American feeling, and with fidelity to the Church, to the country, and to themselves, he anticipated a magnificent future for the Church in America. The very facts which Bishop RYAN triumphantly cited, however, seem to many Americans of evil augury. The bishop did not mention that the increase of the numbers of his Church measures largely the increase of a population foreign to American traditions of every kind, nor did he consider the reason of what he called "the antagonism of the great majority of the people to the Catholic Church." There is no such antagonism to the Methodist or Baptist or Presbyterian or Episcopalian communions. Why does it exist toward the Roman? Because its own aggrandizement and power as an institution are the visible aims of that Church. Neither in its spirit nor in its traditions nor in its methods or sympathies is it American. Indeed, one of its chief policies and aims is the overthrow of the corner-stone of the American system—the non-sectarian public school. Its object in that crusade seems to American intelligence not to be the welfare of the American republic so much as the ascendency of the Roman Catholic Church.

The new Catholic University at Washington was dedicated with imposing ceremonies during the session of the Congress at Baltimore. But it is impossible to feel that the primary object of that institution is the absolute freedom of study and research, the perfect intellectual and moral liberty, which should be the atmosphere of every great university. Its primary purpose undoubtedly is the extension and confirmation of Roman Catholicism in America, and its very character, therefore, makes it necessarily the foe of spiritual liberty. As Mr. JOHN JAY truly says in his paper upon "Public and Parochial Schools," read before the National Educational Association at Nashville last summer, the parochial school aims to make a papal subject, the public school an American citizen. Nevertheless the tone of Bishop RYAN'S sermon shows the influence of the power which should reassure those who look with apprehension upon the statistics which the bishop recounts with natural exultation. History reveals a power more subtle, penetrating, and efficient than that of the Vatican—the spirit of the age and of organized liberty. These are the solvent and corrective of Rome in America. With the cessation of her crusade against the public schools and a completer identification with the American spirit, the suspicion and antagonism toward his Church of which Bishop RYAN speaks would disappear, and in a sense which would be universally understood, his Church, like other American churches, would be felt, in his own words, to "be true to the country."

A PRESSING DUTY.

THE President has been warmly and justly commended for his appointments to the Civil Service Commission. Upon the whole, it could not be better composed that it is at present. The reform law was passed by a Republican Congress, and approved by a Republican President. The reform was declared emphatically by the Convention of the party that nominated President HARRISON to be a Republican policy. The candidate accepted it as such, and the government in all its branches is now Republican. There are Republicans who honestly and earnestly desire that the reform shall be advanced. There are others, and among them members of Congress in both branches, who would gladly see the law repealed. The frank and manly way of the opponents of the law would be to propose the repeal, and to urge it upon grounds which they believe the country would approve. But the equally frank and manly course of the friends of reform in Congress will be to urge its progress, and to provide the means for it. This can be done very simply and readily. The classified service, by which is meant that part of the service which is included in the rules, now covers about 25,000 places. This is an increase of about 10,000 from the original number of such places, which are classified at the pleasure of the President.

No adequate provision has been made for the much more onerous duties of the Commission arising from this increase. Neither the clerical force nor the appropriation has been enlarged. But both must be increased if the Commission is to perform its duties properly. The present appropriation is $35,000, but

it should be increased materially if the reform law is to be executed in its spirit and intent, and no money for the results achieved could be more wisely expended. The testimony of the officers at the head of the classified service since the law went into operation is virtually unanimous as to its practicability and public advantage. The usual stock objections to the reformed system are almost wholly fabrications. The foolish questions which are cited derisively are not asked. The successful applicants are not generally college bred. They are young, active, intelligent, self-respecting graduates of the public schools, and the examinations are strictly related to the duties which are to be discharged. The time of the appointing officers is secured for the public service, and the pressure upon members of Congress and influential public men is reduced, just in the degree of the extent of the classified service.

There is an admirable law incalculably improving the methods of administration, relieving public men in and out of the service of an incessant and oppressive annoyance, elevating the self-respect of the government employés, and most effectively promoting honest politics, which is undeniably approved by the intelligent judgment of the country. Could the administration majority in Congress possibly gain any advantage for its party by obstructing and baffling the operation of the law? Could it do anything which would more warmly commend it to that intelligent judgment than vigorously to support its execution? Those who have censured the course of the Executive in the absence of Congress have been met by the allegation that the Republican party is the sole hope of reform. The accuracy of this assertion will be tested by the action of Congress. The Commission is amply capable of stating its own case, and of showing the necessity of an increased appropriation for its enlarged work. Whatever may be said of the spirit of reform in the treatment of the unclassified service, here at least is a reform law of specific details to be enforced. No better public service could be performed than increasing the resources of the Civil Service Commission to enable it to discharge its duties properly.

A WISE DECISION.

THE Committee on Sites for the World's Fair has wisely decided to abandon altogether the purpose of taking any part of Central Park. This unfortunate obstruction to the preliminary movement has thus been disposed of, but its consequences are not readily removable. There is undoubtedly general surprise that the guarantee fund was not more quickly subscribed, but the disposition in some quarters to bulldoze companies and citizens into subscribing is by no means a wise policy. This is still a free country, and in a matter of voluntary aid to a purely business enterprise, any attempt at hectoring and coercion is not only ludicrous in itself, but will be very effectively resented, and will baffle its own object.

That there should be a great commemoration of the anniversary of the discovery of America is most becoming, and that it should be international is most proper. That the chief port and city of the continent should be selected as its site is the most natural and convenient arrangement. But New York has no special or local association with the event itself, like that of Philadelphia with the Declaration of Independence and the formation of the Constitution. It is, however, the chief city in the country, and a more convenient site for an international exhibition than any other; it has ample resources of accommodation, and it is in itself an exceedingly interesting city for all native and foreign visitors.

But the selection of New York as the seat of the Exhibition by any but perfectly fair methods deprives the whole movement of its significance. If it is not spontaneous, it is worthless. If those who desire it proceed to try to whip in those who do not, or who are indifferent, or who prefer to use their money otherwise, the significant thing in the whole enterprise would be, not that New York wanted the Fair, but that those New-Yorkers who thought it would be for their advantage were able to compel others to subscribe. It seems now as if the press had somewhat exaggerated the enthusiasm of the city upon the subject. But the guarantee fund is daily increased, and there is no reason to suppose that it will not be completed. A World's Exhibition and sums of millions of dollars are large affairs to manage, and good-nature, deliberation, and care are essential to their effective management.

JOHN BULL AND MR. BARNUM.

JOHN BULL has sometimes smiled and even shrugged his shoulders at our zeal in entertaining and honoring certain English pilgrims to our shores. But recently he has been a little too much engaged in breakfasting Buffalo Bill and dining Mr. BARNUM to attend to what he regards as our rather extraordinary social diversions of this kind. Various distinguished Americans have been in England during the last few years, but none except our ministers have been received with more honors than the two gentlemen mentioned. To the recent banquet in honor of Mr. BARNUM, at which an earl presided, and various clever and titled guests made speeches, Mr. GLADSTONE sent his compliments and congratulations to the guest of honor.

What special or general distinction it is which is thus complimented and congratulated is not stated. Mr. BARNUM is the inventor of JOYCE HETH and the What-is-it and the horse-with-his-head-where-his-tail-ought-to-be, and he is the proprietor of a great show of many living curiosities, from the double-headed calf to the stuffed skin of the late lamented Jumbo. His genius in advertising is so unique that it has been alleged that he is capable, under the happy device of a dinner, of securing gratis the assistance of one of the greatest of English statesmen and of both nobility and gentry in advertising his show.

If this be really so, it is a feat unprecedented in the history of England and of the circus, and goes far to explain the unusual honors which have been showered upon the veteran manager. There is perhaps also a touch of magnanimity in them as a tribute to the daring which penetrated to the Zoo, and captured and carried off triumphantly its favorite giant. Possibly the late banquet itself might be regarded as an equal if not superior illustration of the consummate powers of Mr. BARNUM. However this may be, the comments of Brother Bull upon the next American reception of an eminent Englishman will be awaited with profound interest.

THE TILDEN FREE LIBRARY.

IT would be a great misfortune for the city of New York if the decision of the Supreme Court upon Mr. TILDEN'S will should be sustained by the Court of Appeals. For the general public, which is most deeply interested, the case is very simple. Mr. TILDEN left some five millions of dollars to trustees, with a certain discretion to provide a free library. Some of his relatives, under the complicated law of trusts, have contested this disposition of the money, and four judges of the Supreme bench are divided in their interpretation of the law, two holding that the will is valid and two dissenting.

In such a case it is unfortunate that there is not an equity jurisdiction which could determine the doubt. Of Mr. TILDEN'S intention there is, of course, no doubt whatever. He was a public-spirited citizen and unmarried, and he desired to leave his large fortune in a form which would be at once a great and permanent benefit to the city and his own monument. He was also a shrewd lawyer and wary man. Yet in drawing his will he seems to have verified the proverb of the man who is his own lawyer. Nevertheless, it would be very hard if so beneficent a public intention, working no injury to any man, should be frustrated upon points of technical illegality.

There is one moral from the incident which ought not to escape rich men who design similar benefactions. It is to do as PETER COOPER and EZRA CORNELL did. They made themselves the executors of their own bountiful purpose, and themselves interpreted their own wills. Mr. TILDEN'S later years of retirement, it is easy to believe, might have been happily occupied in the actual fulfilment of his own generous intention. If such an intention should be baffled by such an obstruction, the result would be one of the greatest losses that the city has ever sustained.

AT SYRACUSE.

THE Syracuse *Journal*, the editor of which paper has been appointed postmaster at Syracuse, says that our recent statement in regard to that matter is wholly untrue, and that upon a correct knowledge of the facts we should approve the President's course. To this we answer that an incorrect knowledge of the facts ought to be made impossible by a publication of the truth. The public has a right to know the reasons why changes are made in its service. Secrecy in such cases is naturally suspicious. If, as the *Journal* asserts, the Syracuse *Courier* has been filled with false statements in regard to the removal of the late postmaster, the simple publication of the true reasons would have made such false statements useless.

The *Journal* remarks that the change was made for "good and sufficient reasons." But when reasons are withheld, the general course of the administration in making removals does not justify the presumption that they are good reasons. The postmaster at Philadelphia and the Naval Officer at New York were both recently removed. But nobody supposes that there were good and sufficient reasons for their removal. They were both political removals, and, however excellent the new appointment, such the removal at Syracuse will be universally considered to be until the good and sufficient reasons are made known.

THE NEW BALLOT SYSTEM.

A VOTER in a country district in Massachusetts sends us the following description of the procedure under the new ballot law in that State. It will be read with interest, because undoubtedly the law will now be generally adopted. Premising that it took him about a minute to prepare his ballot, he says:

"There were two extra poll-clerks, and the voting places looked rather strangely. There was an entire absence of heelers and ballot distributors. When you enter the room you find a space railed off at one end. At one side (the left at our poll) there was a gate; behind the gate were two poll-clerks—one with a registry list and one with ballots. You enter and give your name, which is called and checked; you then receive a ballot, and go to the back of the enclosure, where there are several alcoves, each with a convenient shelf and a couple of pencils. Opening your ballot you find the names of all the candidates on it. These are grouped under headings of the offices for which they are nominated—as, Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, etc.; also the direction—vote for one, or two, or three, as the case may be.

"Under each heading the names are arranged alphabetically, followed by the name of the party to which they belong. There are also blank spaces corresponding to the number of names to be voted for, *i. e., one*, where you vote for one; *two*, where you vote for two, etc. These are in case you are not satisfied with the names presented, and want to exercise individual choice.

"You vote by marking X against the names of your choice. Having marked all you wish, you fold your ballot, names in, and go to the ballot-box. Here is another man with another check list, who checks you off as you hold your ballot at the mouth of the box. When you are checked, the man at the box turns the crank; your ballot is drawn, and marked on one side by two red lines; a bell rings, and the number is registered on the front of the box. Then you go out.

"This latter arrangement about the ballot-box is not peculiar to this law, but is the usual form used here in Massachusetts, where we are accustomed to voting with broadsides. It is a good idea, because if any one tries to vote two ballots, the second one isn't marked with the two red lines."

So great and useful a reform was never accomplished by means more simple and effective.

PERSONAL.

ONE of the three American sculptors who received honorable mention at the Paris Exhibition this year was Miss THEO ALICE RUGGLES, of Brookline, Massachusetts, a girl of eighteen years. She developed a taste for painting when eleven years old, and at the age of fourteen began to display a wonderful skill in modelling, a clay bank near her home and snow-drifts in the winter furnishing the material from which she created figures that attracted more than local attention. Then she began studying with H. H. KITSON, the Boston sculptor, and in the summer of 1887 went to Paris with her mother to continue her studies. The following spring specimens of her work were accepted and placed in the Paris Salon, she being the youngest sculptor who had ever exhibited there. Her contributions to the Paris Exposition attracted much attention. The other two Americans who received honorable mention were OLIVE WARNER and HERBERT ADAMS, old and experienced sculptors.

—WILLIAM HENRY CILLEY, who recently died at Lima, Peru, was one of the best-known railroad projectors and constructors in South America. He was born in New Hampshire, and when seventeen years old was a locomotive engineer on the Concord Railroad. Before he was twenty-five years old he had tried mining in California and machinery building in Chili, both experiments proving financially disastrous. Then he fell in with HENRY MEIGGS, and although he began work as a railroad section hand, his advance was rapid, and within a year he was a railroad contractor in his own name. During the war between Chili and Spain he made himself especially useful to the former country, and was substantially rewarded. Then he went to Peru with HENRY MEIGGS, and took charge of the famous Oroya Railroad. His interests became intimately associated with those of Peru, and to this country he remained loyal through all its vicissitudes, suffering serious impairment of fortune in consequence.

—Rev. PERCY GEORGE BENSON, Vicar of Hoo, has just been tried in England under the Church Discipline Act, and suspended from office for a year, because he had refused to administer the sacrament to one of his parishioners who had attended a Wesleyan place of worship, and then refused to acknowledge her error in doing so.

—A funny story is told of how ROBERT BROWNING, while strolling through Hyde Park last summer, was surrounded by a group of thirty-nine American girls, the members of an excursion party who had accidentally spied and recognized him, and gently coerced into writing his name in each one's autograph album.

—JOHN J. ZUILLE, who has a humble home in New York city, was once a prominent member of the underground railroad company, and aided in the release of one hundred and nineteen men, women, and children from Southern slavery. He is a colored man, but was born in Bermuda, and has never been a slave. PHILLIPS, GARRISON, GREELEY, and others in the antislavery movement were his associates, and he has numbered among his friends such men as SUMNER, LONGFELLOW, and DICKENS. Mr. ZUILLE is seventy-two years old, and has spent nearly all his life in this city.

—Mrs. SCHENLEY, the English woman who has recently given Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, three hundred acres for a park, and two hundred acres more on which to erect a school for the blind, eloped from a Philadelphia boarding-school about fifty years ago with Captain SCHENLEY, an English officer. Her parents, wealthy Pittsburgh people, became reconciled to her marriage, which proved happy, and when her father died she inherited large property in Pittsburgh and elsewhere.

—The White House has a new steward in PHILIP MCKIM, a Scotch-Irishman. He was formerly attached to the household of Hon. JOHN JAY, Minister to Austria while General GRANT was President. MCKIM'S salary is $1800, and he has to give a bond of $10,000 for the faithful performance of his duties.

—Naturally Colonel ROBERT G. INGERSOLL did not care to ask a clergyman to perform the ceremony that wedded his daughter Miss EVA to WALSTON HILL BROWN, the senior member of a banking firm in this city. Judge GEORGE C. BARRETT, of the State Supreme Court, an old friend of the family, filled the place satisfactorily, however, making a graceful little address before pronouncing the couple man and wife.

—CHARLES DEAN, the author and historian, who has just passed away at Cambridge, Massachusetts, had perhaps the most valuable collection of books pertaining to the early history of New England in existence. Harvard and Bowdoin colleges had both given him the degree of LL.D.

—Rev. Dr. EDWARD BEECHER, who lost his leg by a railroad accident last summer, has resigned his pastorate at Parkville, Long Island, and will retire to a farm in New Jersey. He is eighty-six years old, but in good health, and has preached repeatedly since having his leg taken off.

—ANDREW J. CHAMBERS, of Durham, North Carolina, a credulous colored man, has written to a Boston paper urging that the old Bay State invite JEFFERSON DAVIS to visit the commonwealth as its guest.

—ANDREW JACKSON PINE, chief page of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives for twenty-eight years, has just died at Harrisburg.

—In buying Sunol, the famous California three-year-old, with a record of 2.10½, ROBERT BONNER is said to have paid the highest price ever given for a horse in this country—or over $105,000, the sum paid for Axtell last summer. As the owner of Maud S, Rarus, and other fliers, Mr. BONNER has a very neat fortune locked up in horseflesh.

—The difficult task of climbing the extinct volcano of Iztaccihuatl, 18,600 feet high, has just been accomplished by H. REMSEN WHITEHOUSE, United States chargé d'affaires at the city of Mexico. He had to cut two thousand steps in solid ice in making the ascent, and camped one night in a cave at a height of 14,000 feet.

—C. D. DELAUNAY, a member of the well-known firm of English dyers, who died recently, was a grandson of Marquis de Launay, governor of the Bastile, who was murdered by the infuriated mob on July 14, 1789, after he had given up the keys of the fortress. M. DE LAUNAY'S head was cut off, stuck on a pike, and carried about the streets of Paris in triumph. His son fled to England, and introduced the Turkey red dye, from which the family made a large fortune.

—Miss ELLA S. LEONARD and Miss CAROLINE L. LINGLE, the Vassar girls who bought the Atlantic Highlands (New Jersey) *Independent*, and began running it before they were fairly graduated from college, have sold the paper at a good profit, after making it a paying property. They wrote their own copy, "set it up" themselves, and ran their own engine and presses. In a few months they had erected a substantial brick building, made the paper profitable, and established a good job-office patronage. They leave their venture now because Miss LINGLE'S health has given out.

—Ex-Mayor HEWITT and several of his friends have for some years been the owners of Plum Island, an island of about nine hundred acres in the town of Freehold, just at the head of Long Island Sound. On the island is a picturesque light-house, presided over by Captain W. W. WETMORE, who is eighty-three years old, and probably the oldest light-house keeper in the country. The island is the rendezvous of many yachtsmen and other summer excursionists, and at night many lights are visible from its own beacon tower.

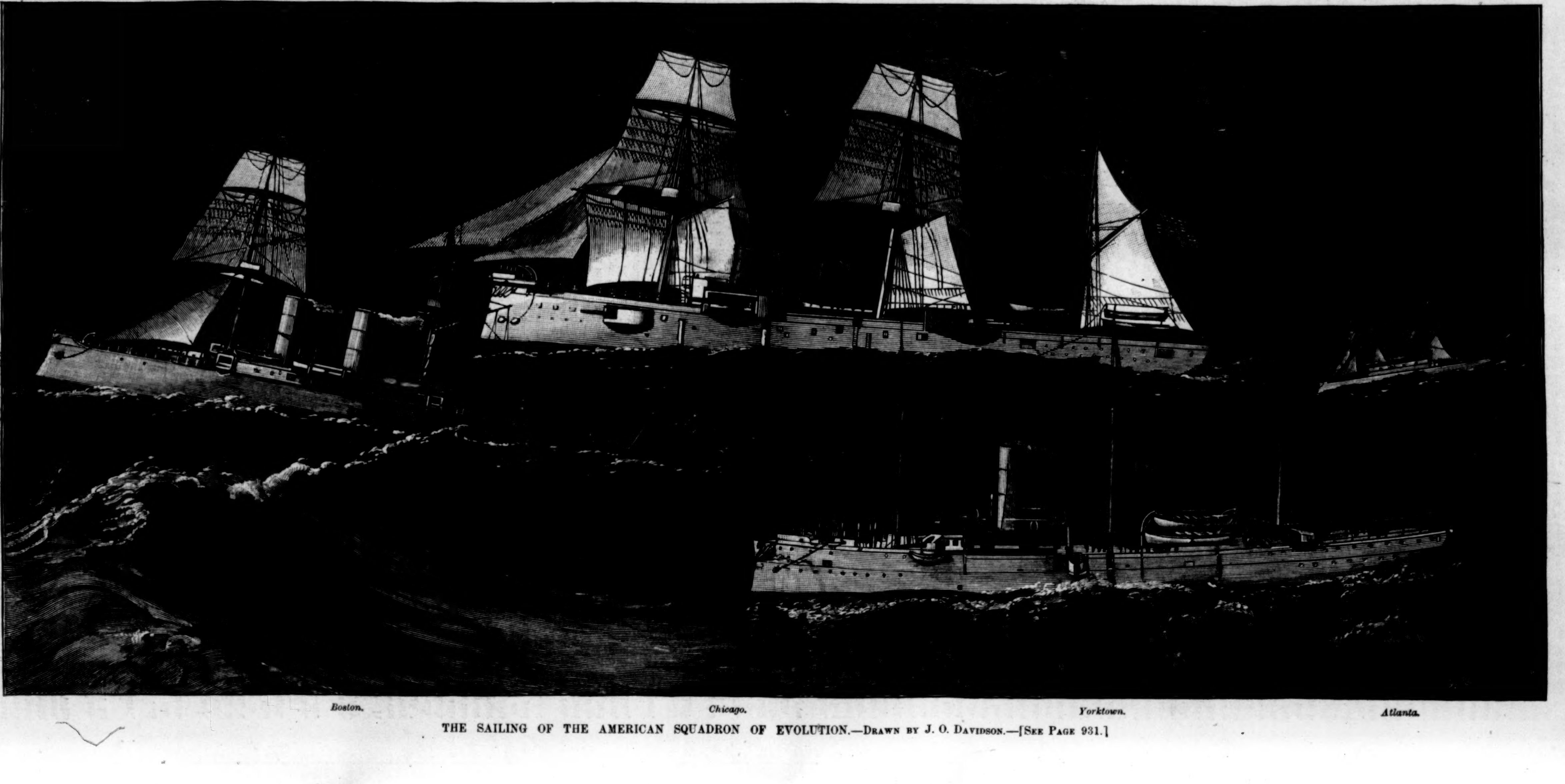
REAR-ADMIRAL J. G. WALKER.—Drawn from Life by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 931.]

CAPT. JAMES O'KANE, OF THE "BOSTON."

CAPT. H. B. ROBESON, OF THE "CHICAGO."
FROM A PHOTO. BY FRANK PEARSALL, BROOKLYN.

COMMANDER F. E. CHADWICK, OF THE "YORKTOWN."

CAPT. J. A. HOWELL, OF THE "ATLANTA."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KNOWLTON.



Boston. *Chicago.* *Yorktown.* *Atlanta.*

THE SAILING OF THE AMERICAN SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 931.]

A DIVORCE CASE.

EDWARD WALSTON sauntered into the office to see if there was any extra assignment for the evening. He had been directed to report the meeting of the Society for Supplying Overcoats to the Hottentots, but as that would doubtless be brief, he could easily attend to something else. Quite unaccountably a vague idea had entered his mind that his services would be needed.

In this he was not disappointed. On his desk lay a note from the city editor. He opened it, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. WALSTON,—There are rumors that Mrs. Henry Doncaster, of 146 Blank Avenue, will bring suit against her husband for divorce. I got the hint from Smootes, the lawyer. Both parties, you know, stand high in society, and we can use all you can get of the case. C. B. W.

"N.B.—Never mind the Hottentot charity business."

Walston softly whistled a note of astonishment as he read the words. He re-read it, and whistled again. Then he sat down, knitted his brow, and gazed quite steadily at the ink bottle in front of him. "Shall I go or shall I not?" he asked, but the ink bottle did not answer. He repeated the question; but the ink bottle was as dumb as ever. Suddenly he grabbed a pen, and the ink bottle grew more communicative. This is what it began to say:

"DEAR MR. W.,—I'm very sorry, but certain social connections make it impossible for me to attend to that case—"

Here the ink ceased to flow. Walston stopped writing, grabbed the sheet of paper and tore it up.

"No," he said, "I'll go. Better I than a stranger."

He put on his hat and left the room. A tall, well-formed, solid-looking, self-reliant fellow he was, and he made a striking figure as he passed down the street. Several acquaintances bowed, but he returned their greetings formally and somewhat coldly, and walked along as if his mind was not with the crowd. It wasn't. It was occupied with the case that had been so suddenly thrust upon his attention.

It was a strange situation for any man, but it was only one of the many curious experiences that make a newspaper career so full of interest and so barren of monotony. There is no vocation that has in it as many contrasts. All kinds of people are met; all shades of crime and virtue, all phases of human nature and human character, come within the range of a reporter's observation. He sees the smallness and the bigness of life, the sunlight and the shadow, the humility and the vanity. To-day in politics, to-morrow at church; in the morning at a funeral, in the afternoon at a wedding, in the evening at the theatre, with its light and mimicry. And so the round goes, from life and laughter to sorrow and the grave, from death or divorce to the music of gay throngs and the joy of happy anniversaries. At first his sympathies respond to the circumstances, but as the days and weeks and months and years bring their succession of events, there comes a hardening of the susceptibilities, and the reporter begins to look upon his work as the surgeon does upon his profession—he has no right to feel, only to see and do. He must dissect and describe, but not sympathize. Coolness is what he needs, not emotion. And yet all the stolidity in the world does not avail when scandal touches those who are near to him. He is one of the most sensitive persons in the world, with a wholesome horror of the newspaper notoriety that he helps to manufacture, and a keen contempt for those who like it. Walston was such a man. If he had been sent to report a case in which he had no personal acquaintance, he would have done his work with his usual unconcern; he would have gotten the facts, and written them up for all they were worth.

But this affair was different. He knew Henry Doncaster and Margaret Doncaster. Mrs. Doncaster was his cousin. Mr. Doncaster had been his room-mate at college for four years. The Walston home was then one of the pleasantest places in the State. It had a famed hospitality. Here he and Henry spent a large part of their vacations. Here Margaret visited the Walston family. Here the courtship began. Edward saw and aided its progress, and enjoyed its consummation by acting as best man and practically superintending the whole wedding; "for," they said to him, "unless you are in it, we shall not feel that we are quite married." In a month their path and his path had diverged, and all the old days were but a memory that glowed brightly in the evenings of bachelor meditation, but vanished when the day came on with the care and competition of business. And now that memory was to be blurred by a divorce. It was really too bad, and something must be done to head it off, or at least to soften the notoriety that a sensational publication would cause.

Within a half-hour after he left the office he was on the door-step of a big brown-stone house. He rang the bell. The man who opened it was evidently an old family servant, for a look of real pleasure beamed in his face when he saw who the visitor was.

"James, how are you?"

"Why, Master Edward, when did you get back to the city?"

"Oh, a week or so ago. Are the folks home?"

"Y-e-s, s-i-r," said James, slowly, as his face lengthened into an expression of decided uneasiness.

"Well, I want to see them."

"I'll tell them, sir; but I'm afraid—"

"Never mind that. I know. But I must see them both. Here are two cards. Take one to each without letting the other know of it. Tell Mr. Doncaster first, and then Mrs. Doncaster. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then be sure you do it correctly."

Walston sank into a chair and gazed quietly upon the elegant surroundings. He did not notice much, however, for he was thinking out something to say. It was a delicate position, very delicate, and all his trained diplomacy was necessary for the work before him.

Steps were heard, and a second afterward a tall, handsomely dressed man entered the room. They clasped hands, and fired questions at each other in rapid succession. Walston could see that beneath Doncaster's cordiality was a deep sorrow, and he observed in his face undoubted traces of dissipation.

"You've been back a month, you say. Queer I haven't seen you."

"Are you sure you haven't?" asked Walston.

"Perfectly. But why do you ask the question?"

"Because I have seen you."

"Where?"

"At— Why, Margaret, how do you do?"

The woman who entered the room was fitted to attract attention. She was beautiful; no doubt of that. She carried herself perfectly. She was dressed in faultless taste. Her face had magnetism and loveliness. She was older, more stylish, more womanly, and more self-possessed than when Edward had last seen her. He arose to greet her with his old-time cordiality. She gave him a charming smile of welcome, but suddenly she saw her husband. The smile partly faded away; she trembled a little, but in an instant her social training had asserted its power, and she was herself again. Mr. Doncaster had arisen with the unmistakable purpose of finding an excuse which would get him out of the room. Walston saw it, and arose fully to the situation. He quietly but deliberately closed the door.

"Now, sit right down, both of you," he said, as if he were the host and they the visitors, "and let us have a good old-time chat."

He looked at each, saw Margaret gazing sideways at the window, saw Henry studying the carpet. He took a chair near the door and between the husband and wife, but far enough back to get a view of them.

"It's a positive pleasure to see you again," he said, with cordiality. "Ever since I was best man at the wedding I have felt as if I were a member of this family, and when I look around your beautiful home and think of my hotel life, I feel like putting my household gods in a push-cart and moving in."

"I thought you were out West," said Mrs. Doncaster.

"So I was. You remember that after I left college, and a few months after your marriage, father died. My share of the property was some twenty-five thousand dollars. I took it, and went to a Western city to fill a long-felt want. I flatter myself that I filled it. I poured all the twenty-five thousand into it, and then used the rest of the space as a grave for the newspaper. The sheriff officiated, and various creditors acted as mourners."

"When did you come East?"

"About a month ago. I fully intended to call, but you know I had been away five years, and had outgrown my society habits. Then it was necessary that I should bend all my energies to work, for while some of those creditors cheated me most abominably, I can't rest contented until all I owe is paid."

"What are you doing?" asked Doncaster.

"I am a reporter on the *Comet*. And that is why I called this evening."

This aroused Doncaster, who until now had been politely indifferent. He quit studying the carpet, glanced rapidly at Walston, and seemed to suspect the cause of the visit. Margaret took a quick view at her cousin, but he was as matter-of-fact-looking as if he had merely made a remark on the state of the weather.

"Explain yourself," said Doncaster, not without a little uneasiness.

"Certainly. A report reached our office tonight that you two were going to figure in a divorce sensation. The idea was preposterous, but to save you from being bothered by a stranger, I came myself to get your denials. The rumor is false, of course?"

"I have nothing to say," said Doncaster, after a pause.

Walston turned to the wife.

"Margaret, tell me, is this true?"

"I prefer to say nothing."

"Then it is true."

A pause and a sigh.

"Who would have thought it? What a world this is, and what changeful creatures we are! To think that you two—the best and most devoted lovers in the world—should take such a step. The horror of it reconciles me to my bachelorhood, but it makes me shudder in spite of myself."

"I think," said Doncaster, with dignity, "that it would be in better taste not to discuss the matter here."

"Henry, I don't agree with you. We grew up together. I've known you both, and been a friend to each of you since childhood. I expect to be the same now. Much—I may say almost everything—depends upon how this case is presented to the public. In journalism a first impression is worth a dozen supplementary reports. I want you both to talk this matter over with me. Margaret, you have retained Smootes, haven't you?"

She had been gazing with unbroken steadiness at the window, but this sudden question was a little too much for her composure. She turned to Walston, began to speak, closed her lips again, blushed unmistakably, and finally stammered, "Not yet, but I may."

"A capital selection. He is so unscrupulous, yet so ingenious. In one sentence he will prove you a paragon of sweetness and light; in the next he will picture you as an abused, degraded wife."

She moved again, but the blushes did not increase. A firmness of the lips showed that she was conquering her feelings. The color left her cheeks, and she looked at Walston full face, and raised her eyebrows as if in doubtful surprise. Henry resumed his study in carpets.

"It will be a very cheerful scene," pursued Walston. "You will be the heroine. It is always so in a divorce case. Sympathy goes with the wife. She can sit dumbly, and the spectators will swear that she is an angel. The jurymen feed on her smiles and her sighs, softening with pity and glowing with admiration. Yes, Margaret, the city will talk about you; your portrait will adorn sensational papers, and you will be able to join in the great work of elevating the stage. But Henry! Ah! Henry, old fellow, you are in for it sure enough! In a divorce case a husband is always guilty until proven innocent. The guilt clings no matter how you act. If you smile, the people will call you a hardened villain. If you frown, they will pronounce you a dangerous brute. If you preserve an air of gentlemanly indifference, they will consider you a cold-souled scoundrel. Every change of countenance will be a witness against you. Every shift of attitude will be an added damnation to your cause. The husband in a divorce suit is the same old story of the Western horse-thief—he acts guilty, even if he is innocent, and he ought to be hung anyhow. Old fellow, I pity you; I do, indeed!"

"Thank you," said Doncaster, coolly. "But I must protest against discussing this affair here."

"And I must insist."

If it was Walston's intention to make his friends miserable, he could not have better succeeded. Henry seemed to stand it stolidly enough, but Margaret was evidently uneasy. Both devoutly wished that Walston had remained out West. But he was obdurate.

"Please remember," he went on, "that more interests than yours are at stake. You both come of good families—families that have lived honorably and proudly for years without the taint of scandal. This thing to them will be a blow of unspeakable anguish, and it is our duty to make that blow as soft as we can. Much will depend, as I said, upon the first statement of the case, and upon the scope of the evidence. Don't go too deep in the mud. It is not necessary under our accommodating divorce laws. This thing is bad enough. Don't make it any worse, for at its best it will put a shadow on both your lives. Margaret, you will be a heroine for a few days, but it will not last. To a woman's character too much publicity is like too much sunshine on a photographer's negative—it blurs and ruins it. And as for you, Henry, I know the experience will have a dangerous effect. I feel that it will make you both a great deal more miserable than you are, after all the romance and beauty of your love. But I beg pardon for talking so much. I'm taking up time. Let's get to business. I want you both to explain yourselves, and then I will suggest how it shall be published; and in this way we shall make the least scandalous showing to the public. It will protect you both. Now, Henry."

"Look here, Edward; I object to this thing."

"The objection is overruled. Tell me, frankly, what is the cause."

"I prefer not."

"So would I; but it is for your own and your family's protection."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Henry arose, walked up the room, and then back again. Presently he found his speech, and it came out by starts and quits, as if he wanted to say something, and yet to say as little as possible.

"My statement," he began, "shall be brief. A happy couple come into possession of money and go into fashionable society. The wife receives a great deal of attention from men the husband does not like. The husband objects in vain, and then begins to drown his objections in alcohol. He drifts into a rapid set, and he and his wife drift apart. Each is proud, and each maintains a stand. The gulf widens, the husband's dissipation increases. He finally gets drunk, gets into a fight, gets arrested, and disgraces himself and his family, but fortunately escapes newspaper notoriety because his name isn't recognized in the police court."

"Well, that's pretty bad. Now, Margaret, what have you to say?"

Now it was Margaret's time to arise. She went to the window and looked at vacancy through the lace curtain. When she answered, she was calmer than her husband had been.

"I have little to add to what you have heard. We have been drifting apart until separation will be the best for both. I am tired of insane jealousy, tired of being accused of things of which I was never guilty. I have stood the nightly desertion as heroically as I could, but when there comes the disgrace of a street fight in the company of notorious men, and with the night spent in jail, I most emphatically object."

Walston sighed. The clock on the mantel ticked industriously; otherwise the room was depressingly quiet.

"Of course, all your old love for each other is dead?" was his next question.

It came suddenly. Neither was prepared for it. Henry flushed with anger. Margaret grew whiter and more nervous. They now almost wished he was buried in that Western grave with his newspaper.

"I beg pardon for asking such a question. Each of you is too polite to answer it. Well, I'll answer it for you. Of course it is dead; buried deep in that gulf which now separates you."

Doncaster arose. He looked at Edward with no disguised wrath, and spoke with undoubted sarcasm. "If your cross-examination is over," he said, "you will please excuse me until the trial is regularly called."

"Certainly not," replied Walston. "Why, great Jupiter, man, we haven't begun yet! You haven't given me any facts at all. Your general statements—both of them—are not worth the breath that it took to say them. I must have instances, dates, charges, and all the other details. Who are the corespondents?"

"The corespondents?" exclaimed Henry, flushing still more, and looking at Edward as if he could kill him in cold blood.

"The corespondents?" repeated Margaret, aghast and ghastly.

"Yes, the corespondents? That is only one of the details. You must give them all to me. We want two columns about the case for to-morrow's paper."

"Two columns?" said Margaret, with a gasp, as she grabbed the arm of the chair for support.

"Yes, two columns, and more if we can get it—all on the first page, in large type and with a display head."

The thought was too much for Margaret. She lost her speech in the horror of the thought. Henry took a rapid excursion up the room.

"Edward," he demanded, as he came back, "can't this thing be kept out? I'll pay you—the newspaper—anybody for it."

"Yes, can't it be kept out?" added Margaret, with a plaintiveness that would have touched any heart but Walston's.

"Of course it can't. And what if it could? It would be ten times worse when the papers were filed in court, for it would set a man from every office searching for scandals about you both." He was piling it on at the sacrifice of some truth. "Now look here," he continued, "why don't you act sensibly? If you are going into this notoriety, you'd just as well prepare to face the music. You must begin by getting rid of your emotional ideas. You must chloroform your nerves, put ice-water in your veins, and dismiss all your preconceived notions of delicacy. I advise you to begin now. Compose yourselves and collect your facts while I go to my overcoat for my note-book."

Henry and Margaret were entirely too confounded to reply at once. He was angry beyond measure. She was as pale as the lace curtain to which she was clinging. Both devoutly wished that Walston was in that grave. He, however, while calm as a corpse, was otherwise quite alive, and was walking toward the door

"Two columns — corespondents —" Margaret began to mutter.

Henry found his speech in some soul-felt words that referred to newspapers, and hoped for their extermination.

Walston partly opened the door. Then he paused, and finally closed it again.

"This thing is sad for us all," he said, returning to his chair. "I feel it as keenly as you do. Let us rest a minute or two. We can talk better afterward, and I know an experience of life that may help us along a little. Sit down, Margaret, and I will tell it to you. I won't keep you long."

She obediently took the chair near the window.

"It's a true story of two young lives somewhat like yours. It was an ideal love-match, an ideal wedding, an ideal first chapter of matrimony. The two were of excellent families. Money came to them by inheritance. They plunged into fashionable society in the city and at the resorts. She was a woman of beauty, fond of admiration, and burdened with a large supply of innocent intentions. He was a handsome fellow, with too much jealousy and pride, and too little tolerance and judgment. He objected to the crowd of admirers that surrounded his wife, and objected to her coquetry. She tried to laugh away the objections. She did not succeed. He began to like champagne too well, and to drink it too freely. Alcohol developed his suspicious nature and enlarged his obstinacy. From champagne was but a step to brandy and whiskey. From bright fellows was but a degree to fellows not so bright but more capacious in the matter of drink. The wife considered this a loss of interest in her, a cooling and a departure of love, and a steady degradation of the home. She increased her fashionable frolics, made herself more attractive to the popinjays of society. The quarrels began and increased. The one dissipated in the matter of admiration and attention; the other in the direction of intemperance and rapid companions. Finally, one night this fool of a husband got on a drunk of unusual proportions. When he reached a certain restaurant he was decidedly unsteady. I was sitting at a table with a friend. He was standing near, leaning on the end of the bar, but his back was turned my way, and I did not recognize him, although I knew him well. Presently a crowd of swells in full dress came in and took a position not far from him, but their backs were also turned to his. They were exchanging new and alleged experiences with the usual reckless mendacity of their set. To them a woman's honor is nothing; they would blackguard an angel in order to boast of an adventure. They talked of various ladies. Presently one of them mentioned the name of the wife in an insinuating ambiguous way that showed what a contemptible cur he was. I arose to resent it, but before I could get fully up, I saw that drunkard arouse himself. 'You are a cowardly liar,' I heard him say, and he had not more than said it, when he jumped forward, and with a swinging blow laid that scoundrel on the marble floor. It was beautifully done, and, what was better, he followed it up with more of the same kind, and for about two minutes there was as pretty a scrimmage as ever took place. A policeman came in and arrested the man. I hurried to the station, and did what I could to keep the affair quiet. I thought he saw and recognized me, but I found out to-night that he did not."

Walston paused. Henry's uneasiness had

been steadily on the increase. Margaret seemed in a condition of collapsed uncertainty, but when no one spoke, she quietly asked,

"Well, what does your story mean?"

"Nothing; absolutely nothing." He looked toward Henry, and saw that he was very much worked up. Now was the time, he thought, for his climax, and so he went on with his answer. "That fool of a husband," he said, "never explained the true circumstances to his wife, and she, suffering from the neglect, largely his fault and partly caused by her own folly, and growing desperate at what she thought was a mere drunken row, decided to apply for a divorce." At this point Henry arose and advanced toward the door. Walston was ready for him. "Now, Henry, you needn't try to creep out of here in that way. You know you were a fool."

Margaret relaxed her hold on the lace curtain, and her face became one anxious interrogation.

"Was it—"

"Yes," said Walston, taking the words from her, "the brute of a husband was Henry."

Henry tried to continue his progress toward the door, but Walston placed his hand on his shoulder and detained him.

"Now you two remain here a moment while I go to my overcoat and get my note-book."

Then he whirled himself out of the room, and brought the door to with an unmistakable slam.

It took him some time to get what he wanted, and when he returned he found a reconciliation progressing under a flag of truce.

"Now you are sensible," was his cheery comment. "You needed a little earthquake to close up that gulf, and I'm glad the shock has come." Then he suddenly changed. "But, by Jove, it isn't right. The *Comet* is holding two columns for this—two columns at eight dollars a column—a dead loss of sixteen dollars."

Evidently they did not care for the loss, for they seemed to be trying to frame something to say to their friend.

"We want—" began Henry.

"Me to come up for Sunday dinner," put in Walston. "You dine at six? All right. I accept, and I warn you now that I shall take my revenge by eating the whole sixteen dollars' worth."

"Oh, we won't complain," said Henry. "Sunday, you know, happens to be the sixth anniversary of our marriage. I was thinking of it when you called."

"And so was I," said Margaret.

Walston stopped on his way down-town to look in upon the religious meeting. He got what he wanted of the proceedings, and sauntered on to the office.

"I'm very sorry," he said to the city editor, "but that rumor about the Doncasters is a mistake. There will be no divorce. I saw both parties. The Hottentot Society isn't doing much now, because it is autumn and the overcoats are in use, but they hope to get along better in the spring. How much do you wish of it?"

"Oh, burn the Hottentots! What I wanted was that divorce case. It is very disappointing."

"Very," echoed Walston.

LYNN R. MEEKINS.

THE SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION.

For the first time an American squadron of modern ships of war is to sail in European waters. The ships that left the Brooklyn Navy-yard on November 18th, under command of Admiral Walker, are not the best of their respective classes, either at home or abroad. The art of naval construction has advanced since the *Atlanta*, *Boston*, and *Chicago* were launched. Our own navy has better vessels, which, however, are not yet in condition to be sent to sea. The *Charleston*, *Baltimore*, and *Newark* are very much superior to the *Chicago*, for instance, developing greater horse-power and making better speed. Still, the four ships of Admiral Walker's fleet, in their construction, efficiency, sailing, and sea qualities, will do the country and its navy credit. They will compare excellently well with the foreign ships that they are likely to meet, and will be rated everywhere as worthy achievements in the art of naval construction. Every navy has, among its good and serviceable ships, vessels that are inferior to the four that constitute this squadron; while, so far as the comfort of those aboard her is concerned, the *Chicago* is one of best ships in the world.

It is a fleet of evolution. The ships composing it have been named. It was expected that the *Dolphin* would make a fifth, but she will remain at home. The *Chicago* is the largest, and is the flag-ship. Her displacement is 4500 tons, while that of the *Atlanta* and *Boston*, which are twin ships, is 3000 tons. The contract horse-power of the *Chicago* was 5000, which was exceeded on her trial. She has developed a maximum speed of more than 16 knots, and an average speed of more than 15 knots. The contract horse-power of the *Boston* and *Atlanta* was 3500. On the trials the *Atlanta* fell short, developing only 3200, while the *Boston* developed 4200. The speed attained at last summer's tests at Newport was as follows: *Chicago*, 16.25; *Yorktown*, 17.20.

The armament of these three ships is very heavy. The *Chicago* has a main battery of four 8-inch guns, eight 6-inch, and two 5-inch guns; and the *Boston* and *Atlanta* each two 8-inch and six 6-inch guns. The *Yorktown* has six 6-inch guns. The *Chicago* carries 400 officers and men, the *Boston* and *Atlanta* each 250 officers and men.

The fourth ship, the *Yorktown*, is smaller than the others. She is a gun-boat of 1700 tons displacement. She has a horse-power of 2200, and has developed a speed of 16½ knots.

In addition to the regular officers of the *Chicago* are the members of the commanding officer's staff, Admiral Walker, who for the purpose of this cruise has a temporary commission as Rear-Admiral. His staff consists of Captain H. B. Robeson; Lieutenant S. A. Staunton, flag lieutenant; and a lieutenant as secretary, who has not been selected.

The following are the commanding officers of the different vessels of the fleet: *Chicago*, Captain H. B. Robeson; *Atlanta*, Captain J. A. Howell; *Boston*, Captain James O'Kane; *Yorktown*, Commander F. E. Chadwick.

These four ships that have started on their way to Europe will keep well together on their journey across the ocean. They will make first for Lisbon, and will then go into the Mediterranean, where they will cruise during the winter, visiting Gibralter, Toulon, Nice, Malta, and possibly going as far as Alexandria.

There is an idea abroad that the squadron is sent over as a social or political pageant. It is not so. Other American fleets and single ships have made visits of ceremony, and it is doubtless due to these incidents in our naval history that Admiral Walker's command is supposed to be an exhibition of our new ships. The character of the ships themselves, compared with others that are in process of construction and almost ready to go to sea fully armed and equipped, affords a sufficient contradiction to this notion. If the government were seeking to make a show, it would wait a year or two, or at least until the *Baltimore*, and possibly the *Charleston*, could be added to the fleet. It is not like the visit of Farragut, which was a splendid ovation from one end of Europe to the other, at a time, too, when the United States stood at the front of naval powers. When Admiral Alden went to Europe with his large fleet, the *Wabash* being the flag-ship, there were no better wooden war vessels in the world than those which sailed under his command. And it was not only in the wooden ships that this country excelled. In the war of the rebellion the Monitors gave an impulse to the building of armored vessels. Armored vessels had been constructed before, but in the Monitors were combined the greatest power in offensive fighting with the least and strongest exposed surface. When the *Miantonomoh* visited Europe, about 1868, she was a wonder in naval architecture.

The social functions of the present fleet will be limited. There will be official visits, dinners, and receptions, but, unless the weather of the winter is very bad, stays in port will be short, and the pageantry of the cruise will be comparatively unimportant. The squadron has not gone abroad to compete with Mr. Barnum. Still there will be social functions, and those which are official will be on patterns that have been followed almost from time immemorial.

Our consular officers have rank equivalent to that of the navy. A consul-general, for example, ranks with a commodore, and a consul with a captain. When the fleet reaches a port where there is a consular officer, Admiral Walker will send an officer of suitable rank to him with the information that he is in port, and that a boat will be in readiness at any time he may find it convenient to make his visit to the flag-ship. The visit is duly made, and is returned. It is very likely that the admiral will give the consul a dinner, and he will be asked to the balls or other entertainments which are given by the officers of the wardroom. The average consul will go; if he is above the average, he will reciprocate the admiral's invitation to dinner. It is not often, however, that an officer of the American navy has the opportunity to put his legs under the mahogany of an American consul. With ministers the case is different. The first visit is made by the commanding officer of the fleet or ship, and the first dinner is given by the minister.

If a foreign fleet is in port when our own enters, the question of the first visit is wholly dependent upon the respective rank of the commanding officers. The junior officer makes the first call, no matter who may be the later arrival. Then there follows mutual dinner giving, and this is not confined to the admirals, commodores, and captains. The officers of the wardrooms of the fleets entertain one another, and there are rounds of festivities participated in by the society of the port. And some day the commanding officer, if the fleet happens to be at the capital of a kingdom or empire, receives a notification from the Lord Chamberlain that his Majesty will be pleased to receive Admiral John Paul Jones and his officers on such a day, at such an hour, and that carriages will be in waiting at a stated time. If the fleet is large, or if the proposed entertainment is a dinner, the number of officers is limited, and the invitation is to the admiral and so many officers. When the grand occasion arrives, the two parties to the function, royalty and the American navy, stand in each other's presence arrayed in gala robes, and pay each other and each other's country high-sounding compliments. The navy is very strong on its social side, and for social occasions there has been invented a special dress suit which is as much like a uniform as it is like citizens' evening dress, and *vice versa*. It is probable that no more awkward way of adding to an officer's wardrobe and expenses was ever devised. Still, the very fact of its existence indicates the social demand upon the navy—a kind of demand that the Indians and cattle lords of the plains never think of making on the army.

These social functions are expensive, and it is well for the officers of this squadron of evolution that the ships will not be in port long at a time. A winter at Nice, or at any of the many resorts of the Mediterranean, would probably find the officers with their future pay heavily mortgaged. The government of the United States does not give to its diplomatic or naval officers a fund for entertainment, after the fashion of Great Britain and other European powers, and the consequence is that the commanding officer of the American fleet in Europe is usually poorer when he comes home than when he sails. The pay and extras of a British rear-admiral are £1642—a little more than the pay of the same grade in our own service; but the British officer is not obliged to pay for his official entertainments, having a fund for that purpose about equal to his pay. The result is that while the entertainments of American fleet commanders are necessarily much simpler than those of foreign services, they are altogether too burdensome. The wardroom balls and entertainments are paid for by contributions, and as our lieutenants receive nearly, if not quite, twice as much pay as British officers of similar rank, the American ships show up very well in contrast with the others.

The ships that go upon this cruise, with the exception of the *Yorktown*, have been completed for a long time; but they are the first ships, and spent their first commissions at the dock undergoing changes and improvements. Now that they are ready for sea, and there are enough of them to constitute a small fleet, the work of instructing officers and men in their management begins. The ships being built, the navy is not thereby reconstructed. The ships are modern; they are as different as can be from the old war ships in which our officers have been unwillingly cruising for twenty years or more, feeling more at home among the canoes of the Gold Coast of Africa than in the society of the iron-clads of England, France, and Italy. The modern ship and its modern armament require that officers and men should go to school again for the purpose of acquiring an easy familiarity with their new material. Properly enough the command of the fleet of evolution, which is to serve as a school of instruction for officers and men, is given to the officer who, of all others of appropriate rank, has had the most to do with the work of reconstruction.

The difference between the art of seamanship of to-day and that when the war of 1812 was fought is so great that the kind of men who fought the wooden ships of the earlier day would not make good officers in modern vessels. Instead of the "hearts of oak," who used to furl sails, take in reefs, and spend their hours of repentance aloft, firing their little carronades at the enemy, and receiving his fire in return with a right good-will, the modern navy demands accomplished students of science to run the engines and manage its vessels. Mathematicians and electricians must fire its guns and direct its torpedoes. The modern ship of war is a big machine shop, made of iron, lighted by electricity, moved by steam produced by force-draft boilers. Its armament is strange to every man in the navy. For the first time we have breech-loaders that carry 250-pound shells between seven and eight miles; we have Hotchkiss guns that fire with wonderful rapidity. We have spars for torpedoes, search lights to find the enemy, and a great variety of nets and other devices for the protection of the man-of-war against the insidious attacks of torpedo-boats. The internal construction of the ship is new, and though it corresponds somewhat in general features with the old line-of-battle ship, there is sufficient difference to make constant drills essential.

It follows from this that as the new cruisers and armored vessels are finished, they must be kept at sea a good deal, and will probably be sailed in small fleets as much as possible. In order that the navy may be really reconstructed and modernized in all respects, it is essential that the officers should be taught the most perfect familiarity with their new instruments. They must sail upon and handle the new ships, new guns, new engines and boilers, new torpedoes and electrical machines, so much as to acquire that familiarity with them that Jacky had with his sheets and halyards and powder buckets.

Every one who has to do with the propulsion and fighting of his ship must learn his business. There are a great many officers in the navy of the United States who have followed the development of modern navies very closely, but they have not had the opportunity to become practically expert in the manipulation of the modern machine. The twin screws and the force-draft boiler demand the careful study of the engineer, while modern artillery and torpedo practice require not only special technical instruction, involving a very thorough training in mathematics and electric arts, but actual work with the guns and projectiles. The evolutions of the modern fleet have been greatly modified by the introduction of the torpedo, the defences against it, the electric light, the long-range and quick-firing guns, with their heavy shells of great explosive energy. The annual manœuvres of the foreign fleets are, and for several years have been, of the most technical kind, and have served for schools for officers and men in modern gunnery and torpedo practice, in the art of seamanship as applied to new ships, in the tactics and strategy required to meet the demands of the most improved forms of torpedoes and ordnance. Tactics on the high seas and in the harbors of the enemy are studied at these manœuvres. I cannot do better, for the purpose of indicating the absolute necessity of such cruises as this fleet has begun, than to quote from an interesting essay on naval training by Lieutenant Staunton, Admiral Walker's flag lieutenant, published by the "Office of Naval Intelligence" in 1888. In the course of that article Lieutenant Staunton said:

"The introduction of the ram and torpedo as offensive naval weapons makes the thorough and exhaustive study of manœuvring and the results of position—the faculty of giving and avoiding blows—perhaps the most valuable training to a naval officer who will one day command. It is something like the thrust and parry of the swordsman, but with this additional feature, that each move has a necessary and inevitable relation to that which follows, and that the cumulative advantage or disadvantage of a number of successive moves means victory or disaster. In a single ship these qualities will be taxed to the utmost. In a general action, where the manœuvring of a single ship must be subordinated to that of the fleet of which it forms a part, there may not be the same scope for captains; but a combat between two equally matched ships will be a combat between gladiators, each with his spear and shield, in which nerve, audacity, and skill will win."

It is easily understood that the officer who wins in a fight of this character, other things being equal, will be the man who is most familiar with his implements of war, who knows precisely what the ship will accomplish, whose gun crews handle their pieces most rapidly and effectively, whose engineers can get the utmost out of their machinery, who best conforms his own operations to those of the rest of the fleet, and who manipulates shells and torpedoes to the utmost advantage, whose electric search lights are always doing their work.

The sea-fight of the wars to come will be terribly destructive. In the struggle between ordnance and the target the gun has won, and the heavy armament of a modern ship, throwing shells that will break up the stoutest and thickest armor that has yet been invented, must send to the bottom any opposing vessel which comes within its range. The fact that guns carry heavy projectiles for miles does not put an end to "close quarters." The captain of a ship who is worth his salt will not take advantage of the long range of modern artillery. If an officer should undertake to fight a marine duel at a distance, he would very speedily find himself pursued by his more enterprising enemy. But a good officer will seek his enemy, just as good men have always done, and will not throw his shot away into the sea. What he will try to do will be to get close enough to fire with a flat trajectory straight into the enemy's ship, relying on pouring in his shell with great rapidity, in order that he may have filled his enemy's hull full of explosives before the latter has had a chance to fatally injure his own ship. And this kind of a fight will be won by the best trained men handling skilfully very fast and obedient ships. Officers and men must work with the utmost coolness and nerve, and all this cannot be acquired except by constant drill with ships and guns that are now almost absolutely new to the navy of the United States.

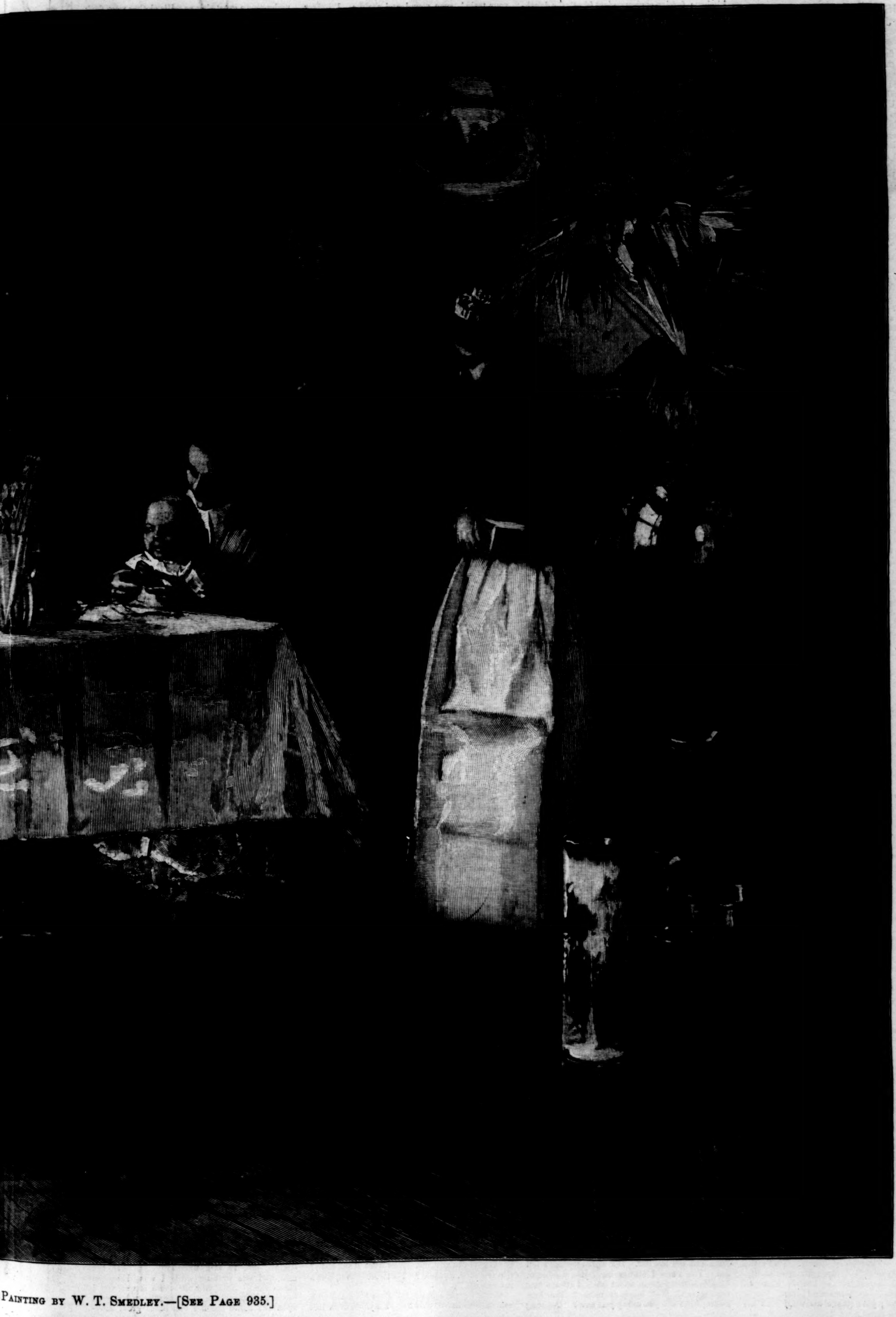
As to the training required by the firemen of the navy in the modern vessels, this is what Engineer-in-chief Melville had to say in one of his annual reports: "Now that the time is rapidly approaching when the boilers of all vessels in the navy will be worked under forced draft, steps should be taken to educate the men of the fire-room force up to their new duties. A fireman accustomed only to natural draft becomes demoralized when set to work in a fire-room where the fires are urged to their utmost by powerful blowers, and when the evaporation is so rapid that but a momentary stoppage or derangement of the feed apparatus might lead to disastrous results. The education needed to enable the men to face this state of affairs is nothing more nor less than experience with it."

This brief and incomplete statement of the demands of the new ships and the new armaments upon the officers and men of the navy will be sufficient, perhaps, to indicate the character of the cruise on which the squadron of evolution has departed. Admiral Walker has not taken the ships abroad to show them to the naval authorities of Europe, for Europe has better ships. Incidentally, of course, it will be seen that the United States has taken the first step to regain her old place among first-rate naval powers. Neither is the fleet going abroad to give those who are favored by being ordered to it a sailor's holiday. Doubtless, as has already been said, there will be the pageantry of social functions, and Admiral Walker and some of his officers may receive the hospitality of a king or two—mayhap of an emperor, of the imperial lot there being one who has recently expressed much interest in ships and sailor men. There will be dinners and balls and other gayeties, which no generous soul will begrudge those who enjoy them and pay for them. But there will be very much less of this than usually falls to the lot of the men who spend their winters cruising in the Mediterranean. The squadron is chiefly organized for work and instruction, and not many days will be passed in idling in port. It is many a year since any other than the most formal and routine work, aside from that devoted to sailing, was required in the American navy. The ships were so old that the longer they were tied up to a dock the better was it for all aboard. The guns were so archaic that firing at a target with the fat old muzzle-loaders was a sad waste of ammunition. The officers who sailed in them were ashamed of their old crafts, and only went to sea in them when they were still more ashamed to remain longer on shore. They went about the world shamefaced because their service was represented by the old *Lancaster* and *Enterprise*, or by the *Kearsarge* of glorious memory, propelled by a couple of tug-boat boilers, made necessary by a strict compliance with that strange hallucination known as Congressional economy. Now everything is suddenly changed. New ships have been built, and the second step in the revival of the navy is about to be taken—the officers and men are to be taught how to manage the new ships.

The cruise will be full of work, and, let us hope, of improvement. Admiral Walker has with him as good a set of officers as the navy contains, and this is saying a great deal, for the *personnel* of the American navy is as fine as that of any similar service in the world. When the winter is over, the fleet may spend the summer in Northern waters, but that has not yet been determined upon. Indeed the length of the cruise has not yet been fixed. It is not to be the ordinary three years' tour of duty in European waters, and it may be that the early summer will see the ships back at their berths in the navy-yard from which they have so recently departed. At all events it is not expected that they will be away a year.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.—From the Pa



Painting by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 935.]

LOUIS NAPOLEON *ALIAS* JOSHUA POTTS.

I.

When I first knew Potts he was travelling throughout the West as a drummer for the well-known dry-goods house of W. Gee & Co. I had passed a cold snowy February afternoon kicking my heels against the door-posts of a dingy little station in Utah, and when the train at last whistled into the yard, I was in no very sociable frame of mind. There was but one sleeper, and as all the berths were engaged, I was obliged to go forward into the smoking car, hoping vaguely to find some solace if not sleep in the smoke of sundry cigars. Just as I had lapsed into the state which is politely referred to as "nodding," a man leaned over the back of my seat and said, in what was meant to be a very suave and bland manner:

"May I trouble you for a light, boss?"

"The trouble is all made, stranger," I answered, sitting up. "Here, take my stump, and be —— to you."

"Well, that's one way of doing it; but thanks for the light, anyway," he answered, quite unruffled. "As for the blessing you chucked in free gratis and for nothing, guess you must have come on the Eastern train; had to wait six hours at Ocho, eh? Well, waiting *do* disagree with a man, that's a fact, sir; a solemn, bare, uncompromising fact—one of them kind as fetches a man every time. Never knew it to fail. Now I've been up this blank road a dozen times, I guess, and I've never missed being blanked by somebody for any civility I ever asked or offered. Part of my travelling expenses, you see. What line are you in?"

"Railroading, I guess," I answered, shortly.

"Oh, I see," was the rejoinder. "Sociable as a grizzly, eh? And I don't blame you for it. Going to Grove City, are you? Well, put up at Parks's. You can't miss it; only house in the place, and decent at that. Well, you want to snooze, I suppose, and I don't—see? You belong in the sleeper, and I in the smoker—different lines, eh? I don't like your samples, and you don't seem to be mashed on mine. Well, so long! See you to-morrow." And with a nod he passed on, while I dropped into a fitful sleep.

Half an hour later, as I turned over in my seat, I heard my friend singing a solo in the baggage compartment, and to the third or fourth line of the song the train men yelled a chorus consisting solely of some energetic interjection. For some time I listened dreamily to the monotone of the wheels—chuggety-chug, chunkety-kunkety-nuk, unkety-chunkety unkety-unk—and in the domain of inarticulate sound these nonsense rhymes suggested a dead and dreary landscape overhung by a leaden sky. Now and then, as for a brief moment I started into a somnolent semi-consciousness, the refrain of the song flashed over my imaginary landscape like a streak of lightning, and in such silly words as these: "Mackintosh, by Gosh!"—chuggety-ug, chunkety-unk, uggety-wuggety, uggety-unk—went the next verse, and I anticipated the chorus: "Then said Josh: by Gosh! Suckotash—by dash! Twiddle-de-um—by Gum! Senator Dodd—by G—"—unkety-wunkety, unkety-unk—unkety—wunkety—wunke—and I was asleep again.

Several hours later I awoke, sat up, and looked around. The lamps had burned low; some had gone out, others still smoked on, and in my drowsy frame of mind this seemed a natural result of their location in the smoker. Here and there in the semi-darkness a loud snoring revealed the prostrate presence of a fellow-traveller, and to the song he sang through his nose I responded, mechanically: "Mackintosh, by Gosh! Hog-wash, by Gosh!" I have no doubt that I honestly believed I was making some very creditable verses, whereas my brain was really like a clock-case without a dial, and the pendulum swinging noisily and aimlessly to and fro. Then we stopped suddenly, with a vicious jerk that knocked all the poetry and a good deal of the sleep out of us, and stumbled out into the snow. Some kind of a conveyance offered a welcome shelter, and a moment later we seemed to be standing before a desk, where a clerk in his shirt sleeves pointed out the line in the vicinity of which we were to write our name and residence. Somebody called out, most impertinently I thought, "Number seven this way, up one flight, second door to your left!" And, unable to find any matches, too sleepy to call for a boy, who probably did not exist, and too lazy to undress, I groped my way to a sitting posture on the bed, kicked off my boots, and was soon far away—somewhere in "desolate wind-swept space."

I had hardly taken my seat on the following morning before the table covered with erst-white oil-cloth, and dotted with samples of the unwritten *menu*, when my drummer acquaintance of the night before strode into the room and took the opposite chair.

"Feel hunky this glorious Sabbath morn?" he began. "So do I. Hunky's the word; hungry's the feeling, *that's* a fact. But 'knock, and it shall be—' Look at that steak!" and he raised the meat on the end of his fork, humming, as he held it near his nose, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" "This belongs to you, sir, I suppose," he went on, putting the meat down again. "John! *John!* JOHN! That waiter isn't coming, sir," he continued, in a confidential tone of voice, "until the spirit moves him, as the parsons say. Well, I like that spirit, sir; free country, sir, and all that kind of thing; effete civilization of the East, manly independence of the West; great American buzzard, wings out, and screaming with an indigestion of liberty. That's the Grove City *News'* style. Romantic school—Victor Hugo, Ouida, and—that French nigger—what's his name?—oh, Dumass, all in one. Editor runs the hotel; poet (that's his wife) runs the kitchen; foreign correspondent (that's the daughter) runs the chamber-work. Well, how're you making out?"

"I thought you told me this was a very decent house," I answered.

"Well, now, ain't it? What's the matter with it, anyway? You pays your money—two dollars a day for you, fifty and five off for me—and you takes your choice. Hullo, John, here you are at last. Glad to see you, old man. Mary's well, is she? That's good. And the baby, John; *how's* the baby? Fine? That's first-rate. And how am I? Well, John, I'm hungry. Let's have some breakfast; what do *you* say, eh? Dry toast and muffins; tea this morning. Did you know, John, I can't drink coffee nowadays? It's a fact. Can't do it, sir. I'd tell you all about it, but perhaps you wouldn't want to hear now. Tea it is, then, plain Oolong, with a dash of green in it; steak, medium; lyon-aze potatoes; sliced tomatoes, canned; I prefer 'em canned, John—that's a peculiar but solemn fact; oatmeal and cream, of course; scalloped oysters; pickled asparagus; two mutton-chops well done, brown on the outside, you know; and eggs—well, eggs fried this morning, John; and don't forget the milk—straight, without chalk or water; you know I'm a *connyssoor* on milk. Anything else? Well, I guess not; that'll do for a single meal. I'm not hungry this morning, that's a fact. I don't suppose you've any fried chicken, have you? No; well, never mind, then."

"You don't happen to want any collar buttons, cuff links, or anything in that line, do you, sir?" he went on, addressing me. "No, I didn't somehow think you did; but business is business, sir, that's a fact. Now, just to show you. This morning, when I went down to the pump—I always wash at the pump when I can, you know—I met the foreign correspondent, daughter of the house, you know. Twenty and some odd summers, champagne (Pacific coast) hair, Beverly eyes, New York mouth, Boston deportment, New Orleans hands, Chicago feet—real pan-American girl, and you bet she's a daisy. 'Well,' I says, with a view to business, 'Priscilla, you're a—well, you're a thoroughbred. Now I tell you what I'll do, Priscilla, I'll give you twenty-five cents for a kiss; no one looking; you'll make it cheap; now don't go for to say no!' 'Nap,' says she, 'you go to—Jericho.' She's foreign correspondent for the *News*, you know, and sort of lavish with them foreign places. Well, just then I spied old Parks, and business kind of roused in my breast. 'Tell you what it is, Priscilla,' says I, 'if you'll earn that quarter and spend it on my goods, I'll give you one gross corrugated hair-pins—Watkins's make, best in the market—and two solid gold-metal studs, patented, and, by gosh, durn *me* if I don't throw in a pair of celluloid cuff trimmings!' 'Nap,' says she, 'do you mean it?' 'Priscilla,' says I, 'did I ever lie? Them articles is worth four dollars and eighty-four cents, and you know I can't lie; couldn't do it for no price; family peculiarity inherited from George Washington, my—ahem—my ancestor; and I give 'em to you for twenty-five cents—one quarter. Think of it, Priscilla!' Well, sir, she tumbled. Cost me eighteen cents; profit seven—over thirty per cent. Memorandum: Sundries, spent twenty-five cents. Received (private account) seven cents and one kiss, credited to Priscilla Parks, of Grove City. That's business, sir, dry-goods and notions business. Here's my card. And may I ask what your line is?"

"Mining," I answered.

"Oh! a mining sharp, eh? I beg your pardon, sir; mere form of speech, I assure you. And haven't I met you before? Let's see. Isn't your name Goss—William B. No, that ain't it, quite. William *G.* Goss? I thought so."

"Well, and what is your name?" I interrupted, determined to meet him on his own ground.

"Louis Napoleon Potts, sir," he answered, in a manner that was meant to be impressive. "To be sure," he went on, a moment later, "that's not the name I was christened by. Josh Potts is what they call me at home; but then I look so much like him—I mean I've been told it so often—I thought I'd change. It sounds well too—Louis Napoleon Potts: don't you think it does? And I *do* look like him; there's no mistake about that. You've seen him, I suppose? Well, that's what I'm called. Nap, for short; but in Salt Lake, or Cheyenne, or Omaha, I'm Louis Napoleon Potts. I thought it was a shame to let such an opportunity go by. Helps me immensely, especially in prints. Gutenberg invented printing, you know, and I tell 'em Potts is the English for it—lineal descendant, through the women, you know—the *Louis* proves that. Well, joking aside now, don't you think I do look like him?" And he complacently stroked his mustachios and pulled his long imperial.

II.

Several years later, at a crowded crossing, I ran into an overdressed man, whom I at once recognized as my friend Potts. His mustachios were carefully waxed and drawn out, and his make-up was excellent. Even the baggy, unhealthy look under the eyes was accurately copied from some recent photograph. He was a perfect caricature of his idol. To my surprise, he recognized me at once.

"You don't say! you don't say!" he kept repeating as we stood on the curb-stone shaking hands. "Well, who'd 'a thought it? How are the mines? Poor business that, eh? Well, I tell you, *I've* struck it. Got a hotel down Grass Market Square. I tell *you*, sir, a bang-up little place it is, too. Come round. Glad to see you any time. Come round *now*. John L. drops in now and then, and fellows like him. Now you come and see my bar. It's worth seeing, I tell *you*. You know I always liked you, professor. There's nothing mean about you. I always said there wasn't. Well, how's the mines? Now look a-here, what are you doing just now? Oh, hang your train! come round and see *me*. I'll show you a nice quiet little corner. Got Stearns & Co. to do it for me. All mahogany and fancy glass. I tell *you* it's worth seeing." And before I could find an excuse, he had passed his arm through mine and was dragging me toward his place.

On the way there we met P——, the writer, who looked at me twice before acknowledging my salutation; for the shiny silk hat of my companion, cockily tilted on one side, and the large, loud, and uncompromising check suit beneath it that forced itself upon the notice of every passer-by, intimidated and shocked him. But if I had hesitated before, P——'s evident astonishment dispelled my doubts. In quest of information, I had followed my subjects into worse places than that whither I was bound, and the feeling that my friend might object to my liberty of life but made me more determined to be independent. So I followed Louis Napoleon—or Joshua—to his gilded cavern.

"What do you think of that?" he said, pausing before the usual nightmare of shining brass, polished mahogany, and colored glass, and putting his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat. "Neat, eh? None of your Pullman palace car nonsense for me. No, sir; not in my place. This, now, is chaste and artistic and—well—refined. Don't you think so? Now you come into my den; I call it my study. Takes brains to run a place like this, and so I think over things in here over a glass of gin and water—same as Byron used to. Sit down. Now what 'll you have? Them cigars I pride myself on. Go ahead, man; take a handful and put 'em in your pocket. There! Well, now tell me about yourself. What are *you* doing? How are you getting on? Take your coat off if you feel like it; this is liberty hall, sir—hospitality on tap at all hours, and the best brands. Solid—that's anything you've a mind to order; liquid—well, I guess you know all about that; gaseous—that's what I call tobacco smoke. There's only one thing I 'ain't quite finished in here, and perhaps you might give me a hint or two. Them shelves there, that's to be my library, and somehow I've never got on to making the list. Ought to be brown and gold, I think, with every sixth or seventh book red. Don't you think so? Ain't that a brilliant and chaste idea? I thought you'd like that. It's quiet, that's a fact. Oh, you're looking at my picture. That one there on the right, that's the real Louis Napoleon—that was. This one's myself. Sort of owed it to his memory to put him next to me, you know, just to show how near I come to be like him. I want to go abroad and see the place he lived in—Twilleries, I guess they called it—and I don't want to finish this place until I see what his peculiar style was. I want to improve on it, and I can do it, too, but then somehow the idea has taken hold of me that I ought to live up to this likeness. That's at the bottom of it all. *You* don't believe we was made like as twins without a purpose, do you? There's a moral in it, sir. Yes, sir, that's a fact, and I've caught on. And I'll tell you what that moral is. It's just this: Josh Potts in America is just as big a man as Louis Napoleon ever was in France. And why? Simply because an American citizen in his own country is equal to any kind of emperor, or czar, or king, or I don't care what you call him, in God's world. That's the meaning of my parable. Well, now I've told it you, it don't somehow seem quite as clear to me as before," he added, reflectively; "but you understand what I mean: Louis Napoleon over there is simply Joshua Potts when he's in America."

"Yes," I answered. "I see what you are after; but it's a poor rule that does not work both ways. Josh Potts wouldn't amount to much in France, likeness and all."

"And that is quite right," he interrupted, shrewdly. "Josh Potts 'ain't got no business in France—no American has. That's my idea. Fishes belong in the water and birds in the air, just as sure as angels belong in heaven. Yes, sir; to my mind, an American as lives in France is the same thing as a lion in a menagerie cage. He ain't nothing but a part of the side show. Nobody's afraid of him; he's lost the only thing makes life worth living, and that's his liberty. And what's he got for it? People come and look at him behind his gilt-edge bars, and says, if it's in Paris, 'That's an American'; and if it's at Barnum's, 'That's a lion, or a tiger, or an eagle,' labelled, of course; and in both places, sir—you mark what I say—they pities him, or it—a poor thing without a country and without any freedom. Well— Have another glass, won't you? Do."

III.

During the next year or two I kept meeting my friend Potts in the most crowded thoroughfares, and his attire vouched for his prosperity. On such occasions he would come up to me with an unctuous smile, lay his left hand on my coat collar, and while he shook my right, he would affectionately test the muscles of my arm downward from shoulder to elbow. In spite of his atrocious vulgarity, I liked the man, perhaps because of his worship for all things American, a capability I often envied him. In his own narrow-minded way he was a patriot; not a man to arouse the country in time of peril, but a man to respond to a call for help, and to bring others with him. Why he liked me I never knew, and, indeed, never really believed that he did until one day I received a letter from Potts, asking me to call at his hotel on private and important business.

He was evidently very glad to see me, for he came forward with both hands outstretched, and caught me by the elbows.

"I say, old fellow—I beg your pardon—Mr. Goss; I'm —— glad to see you. Walk in. I'm awful glad you've come. Now what 'll you have? Gin and soda, as usual? That's so. Well, here's my regards."

While he was sipping his glass I noticed with some astonishment that Potts's style of dress had undergone a great change. His clothes were dark and simple, and the conspicuous jewelry he usually wore was gone. Moreover, he seemed to be troubled about something.

"Well, Josh," I said, after a long pause, during which he gazed absently into his glass, "what's the matter? What can I do for you?"

"I'm afraid, Mr. Goss," he began, in a manner entirely devoid of his usual buoyant familiarity—"I'm afraid I've been taking considerable of a liberty with you. But then I looked around among my pals, and I took 'em up one by one, and I just had to put 'em all down again. Weighed in the balance, you know, and all come out light. Then somehow I thought of you. 'By gosh!' says I, '*that's* my man.' So I wrote you, you know."

"Why, are you in trouble, Josh?" I asked.

He hesitated before answering; then cocking his head on one side in rather a ludicrous way, he asked, "Did you ever know I had a mother, Mr. Goss?"

"Well, Josh," I said, lightly, not quite understanding what he was driving at, "I never *knew* you had a mother, but it wasn't unnatural to suppose you had one, was it?"

"That's so," he answered—"that's so. Well, sir, when I begun to make money I got the old woman to come down from the farm in Vermont, and we kind of settled-down together out at Maidwell. Little house, you know; small and all that kind of thing, but comfortable, and we've been a-living there three years come next March, nicely—yes, sir, nicely indeed. Well, sir, about a month ago she was took sick—my mother, I mean. I done all I could; fixed up the windows with weather-strips, put in a new patent furnace, and them kind of things generally. Then I got the doctor about twice a week. And it didn't do a bit of good, sir. She took it into her head she was a-going to die, and Dr. Trott he said he couldn't do nothing. Then she's got kind of queer. Don't like me to be in the liquor business, and all that sort of thing. Well, I do believe she's ailing, and I'm kind of scairt. Then it don't seem quite right to go on a-making money this way, when it goes against her. Does it, now? It's a pity to give all this up," he added, wistfully gazing at his beloved gorgeousness; "but then it's my mother, professor. That's why I asked you to come. 'He'll tell me,' says I, 'what's right; so I'll just drop him a line to come round and lend me a hand.' Now, professor, what shall I do?" And as I hesitated, he said, "Well, now, suppose *you* was in my fix, what would you do?"

"I'd give the whole thing up, Josh," I answered, "and see the best doctor in town."

He got up from his chair, and walked nervously around the room. Then he came up to me, and held out his hand. "Thanks, Mr. Goss," he said. "I guess that would be the square thing to do. It comes mighty hard, I tell you, but I'll do it—I'll do it right off. And—and there's one thing more, professor: just sit down and drop me a line to the best doctor you know, just to tell him I'm all right as far as cash goes. It's for the old woman, you know, and it wouldn't be right to mind the expense."

IV.

During the year that followed his mother's death I did not see very much of Potts. He wandered about town in an aimless, disconsolate sort of away, and, to tell the honest truth, I found him somewhat of a bore. His former vivacity was all gone, and he kept asking such perplexing questions about right and wrong as a boy of twelve might have invented; so that—I acknowledge it to my shame—I often endeavored to avoid this man whose blunt honesty and integrity of feeling I could not but admire.

One day—I had just returned to town from an absence of several months—I met Josh on the Common. He was, as usual, delighted to see me, and seemed in the best of health and spirits.

"Well, Josh," I said, after a while, "the world is all right again, is it? Tell me what you are about. I see by your manner that you've found something to do."

"I have, Mr. Goss. You see, that kind of loafing around, with nothing to do after breakfast but wait for dinner, and nothing after dinner but to wait for supper—I tell you that kind of thing is bad for a man; so I quit. I belong to the fire-brigade now, sir."

"Why, how did you happen to choose that, Josh?" I asked. "There's no money in it, and you were always pretty keen on the dollar."

"That's so; that's a fact," he answered. "But it come to me one day that I had all the money I wanted—enough to live on, you know; no family, no anybody but myself; and so I says to myself: 'Josh, what are you here for, anyway? You wasn't made to loaf around doing nothing—no good to nobody. What are you going to do?' Well, sir, for nigh upon six weeks, I guess it was, I traipsed round the streets and didn't see nothing. Then one day, while I was watching a fire, I see a fellow come out; kind of used up he was, and weak on his legs. So I went up to him, and kind of talked to him for a while. He was a married man, with three kids, I found out, and that set me a-thinking. If that man, as is married, got a wife and three young uns to look after, can go a-risking his life to pull people out of a fire, why shouldn't Louis Napoleon Potts, who hasn't a soul in the world to care whether he kicks the bucket or fills it at the well? That's why I'm a fireman, Mr. Goss. Come down and look at the engine, won't you?"

V.

So I got into the habit of dropping in at the engine-house to talk with Potts and see the men, and one evening while I was there the alarm rang. Josh told me where it was, and I hurried off to see him at work. When I arrived upon the scene the fire had made great head-

way, and the engines seemed as useless as toys. The walls of the house threatened to cave in, and as the inmates had all been saved, the men were holding back. Suddenly a woman, frantic with grief and despair, rushed up to the group of which Potts was one, and in heart-rending tones she besought some one of them to go after her child, who had been left behind in the fiery furnace. But the men shook their heads, and answered, as she turned to one after another: "It's no good, madam. No man could live there more than half a minute, and the walls will be down before any of us could reach the place."

Then I saw Josh come forward. He said something to the woman, who clasped her hands and fell forward on her knees. His comrades endeavored to argue with him, to prove the impossibility of the attempt, but Josh merely answered, in his quiet drawling way, "Nothing is impossible, boys, till you've tried, and I've sort of made up my mind to try."

"You won't come back, Nap," some one called out.

"Well, perhaps not; that's a fact. We'll see about that later, though," he answered, phlegmatically, as he coiled a rope about him. And the next minute he had disappeared in the smoke.

With that extraordinary intuition that makes a crowd the mouth-piece either of God or of the devil, the men in the street had understood both the heroism and the peril of the attempted rescue. Breathless, they watched the sullen, threatening pile of bricks, through every opening of which long tongues of flame shot out, to be quenched in the whirl of smoke and steam, and the seconds passed slowly as their hearts beat fast.

Suddenly, in the silence of voices, the half-crazed woman rose to her feet and cried out: "There he is! there he is! My boy! oh, my boy!" and burst into a paroxysm of tears. And straddling the sill of a window on the second floor, the black silhouette of Josh appeared against the lurid red background. We could not hear his cries, but he certainly must have heard the cheer that broke from us in the darkness below—a cheer that burst from our breasts like a cry of intense pain followed by intense relief. For the tears in my eyes I could not see what he was doing; but a moment later some of his comrades rushed forward, and returned out of the smothering smoke, bearing the rescued child in their arms.

"Make the rope fast, Nap, and come down quick, for God's sake—quick!" some one called out.

But ere the words were fairly spoken, the walls bulged out, and the figure of a man loomed up through the flames, riding the falling masonry like some legendary helmsman on the poop of a sinking ship; and with a crash the great building collapsed.

A few hours later, in the hospital, the doctor bent forward and said to me, "I suppose you know his name?"

Before I could answer, the wounded man opened his eyes, and with a faint, pathetic semblance of his old bright manner, he said, in a low voice: "Professor, tell him it's only Joshua Potts, that's all. I guess that Louis Napoleon racket is played out now. Did the kid come out all right? Don't put on any gloves with me, doctor; I know what's the matter. Just give me something to brace up on; I've a thing or two I want to talk over with this gentleman."

VI.

Three days later we buried him; and as I walked back from the little country graveyard where we had laid him to rest forever, I felt a strange admiration for this much-maligned human family that knows its heroes only after death. For this man, whom the world knew merely as a vulgar, swaggering, uneducated bar-tender, possessed that spark of divine fire which no education, no refinement, no teaching can kindle where God has not put it.

JOHN HEARD, JUN.

THE MARITIME EXHIBITION.

EVER since her famous Tea Party in 1773—nay, perhaps ever since the Reverend, though somewhat mythical, William Blackstone settled there in 1623—Boston has been a pioneer. Did she not inaugurate the extermination of witches in the neighboring bailiwick of Salem; has she not always been a leader in religious and educational matters; did she not practically originate the antislavery movement; was not the first "mugwump" born in what is now the City Club; and was she not the first of the older States to adopt the improved ballot system? She certainly has strong claims to priority in regard to these and many other equally important movements, and having borne a gallant part in developing the American merchant marine till it once upon a time rivalled that of Great Britain, she now invites the public to see for itself what American seafaring folk are doing for the revival of American commerce.

The great hall in the Mechanics' Building has taken on a certain nautical air, there is a rumble of heavy sea boots along the corridors, and one may recognize three or four bronzed down-east skippers in almost every group of spectators. Crusty old fellows they are, but genial withal, if a landsman approaches them in the right spirit, and primed full of nautical talk and reminiscence that might make the fortune of any one who could compass the art of putting it into readable shape.

On entering the main exhibition-room one passes under the spinnaker-boom of a jaunty little sloop, whose beautifully fitting sails rise well up toward the roof as she rides at her moorings in a tank of water, and responds readily to the practical tests that every inquisitive soul applies to see whether or not she is really afloat. She is here called a sloop instead of a cutter, because her mast is stepped well forward, and she has a perpendicular stern-post, and a generous breadth of beam despite her great depth of keel and her outside ballast. She is built of mahogany, fastened with wooden treenails. The sides are polished and varnished till they shine like a piece of cabinet-work, and excite the ire of Gloucester skippers, who eye askance her vast spread of canvas, and pass by on the other side to gaze appreciatively at the model of a United States frigate done in tobacco.

Next to this last-named work of art is a space, in the midst of which rises the graceful bow of a surf-boat mounted on her beach-wagon all ready to launch. Around her is a cordon of gleaming brass howitzers, and an old bronze mortar that is said to have thrown a life-line to a wrecked vessel near the beginning of the present century.

It is with a pardonable touch of patriotic pride that one reads on the card, "Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Instituted 1785. Incorporated 1791." In 1792 six houses of refuge were erected by this society for shipwrecked seamen, and in 1807 the first life-saving station with adequate equipment was established. This service antedated by thirty-seven years the present English system, and may fairly be regarded as the parent of the admirable United States Life-saving Service as it now exists, and with which it cordially and harmoniously co-operates, interchanging crews, boats, and supplies as occasion demands. It is to be noted that the Humane Society has justified its name by detailing a well-informed and thus far good-natured young man to do the honors and explain the working of the apparatus.

Farther on are small boats and canoes, gleaming with nickel plate and varnish, and some of them fitted with devices for hoisting, and reefing sails that will rejoice the heart of the cruising canoeist. Some of these boats are built of Oregon cedar, which has not yet come into general use among Eastern builders, but for which certain superior qualities are claimed.

Among the minor inventions is one that will appeal to the heart of every traveller who has tried to prop his coffee-cup securely against the lee "fiddle rail" of an Atlantic liner. It is simply a set of portable "gimbals," that can be set on the table. The central ring is shaped to receive the bottom of the coffee-cup, which will then ride as securely as does the compass in the ship's binnacle. It is said that the inventor was stimulated to perfect this device by the not uncommon experience of receiving a cup of hot coffee in his lap.

In the same direction, on a larger scale, are the very complete and ingenious oscillating berths, already introduced to a limited extent on some of the transatlantic steamers, and no doubt destined in one form or another to become almost universal on lines that bid for popular favor. These berths have now been brought to a state of perfection that would seem to make it possible for the poorest of sailors at least to enjoy undisturbed rest so long as he or she can keep his or her eyes shut. The oscillating arrangement is adapted to respond either to pitching or rolling, and it will certainly greatly mitigate if it does not altogether do away with the horrors of the North Atlantic passage.

Walking from the main exhibition-room into the great concert-hall, the visitor is aware of the lofty spars, the clipper bow, the long overhanging stern, and snowy swan-like sides of a Burgess schooner yacht. She sits on her raised dais apparently perfect in every detail from water-line to dog-vane. The first question that one involuntarily asks is, "How did they get her in here?" Her topmasts reach well up within the ventilator in the peak of the roof, her big galvanized anchor seeks vainly to find holding-ground in the unsympathetic yellow pine floor, and one feels that if she should drop astern ever so little, her main-boom would play the mischief with the organ-pipes. Rope-makers and riggers in all departments have contributed their most artistic work to the equipment of the model, which is throughout, so far as outside appearances go, a complete reproduction of the *Quickstep*, one of Mr. Burgess's latest designs.

Just abaft her port quarter is a very handsome and stanch-looking yawl-rigged boat, well worth the inspection of "Corinthian" cruisers. On the same floor with the *Quickstep* are numerous models and specimens of equipment from the various navy-yards and government departments.

Ascending to the second floor of the main room, we find a considerable space occupied by the ship-building industries of Bath, Maine, from 1781, when the first vessel was launched, to the present time. During this century and a little more she has sent from her ship-yards 88 steamers, 890 ships, 253 barks, 1262 schooners, 155 sloops, and 7 barges—a total of 1,261,436 tons. In 1823 she built her first steamer—a little craft of 86 tons—and in 1854 she turned out 59 full-rigged ships, aggregating 55,612 tons. Now she is devoting her attention mainly to schooners of large tonnage, and having three, four, and even five masts. The largest of these will carry nearly 3000 gross tons, and can be managed by a crew of six men before the mast. When it is remembered that a square-rigged vessel of equal size requires a crew of thirty men, the scientific perfection of the schooner rig may be appreciated.

Bath, though she commands a foremost place, is not alone in her glory. Other builders and other ship-yards are represented: the famous yards of the Delaware, with models of their most successful steamers and yachts; the South Boston builders, and others everywhere along the busy New England coast. Here, too, is the Boston Marine Society, instituted in 1742, and incorporated under colonial laws in 1754. Here is the original model of a vessel built at one of the Merrimac yards in 1690, and a tiny carving in ivory of a full-rigged ship, made by the first Chinaman that ever entered Harvard University—alas, that he should have adorned her with a British ensign!

Of the really fine show of marine pictures there is no room to speak. They embrace oil-paintings, technical drawings, and water-colors, many of them of great interest.

In the basement of the building are the heavy windlasses and other machinery, with the buoys of the United States Light-house Board, and a canal twelve feet wide, wherein canoe-men may paddle and steam and naphtha-launches disport themselves at will.

Near by is that wonderful little craft that Captain Joshua Slocum and his son built with their own hands, away down on the southeast coast of Brazil, where they were cast away in the ship *Aquidneck* last year.

"My wife made the sails," said Captain Slocum, as he stood in the well of his stanch craft, "and they were done just about the time the ship was launched. We was about three months building of her—me and my son." Seven thousand miles over the open sea the little Yankee family of castaways sailed in this rude yet scientifically constructed vessel, "and she never took a bucketful of water inside the coamings from first to last," said the captain, proudly; "except rain," he added, conscientiously, seeing a gleam of incredulity in his interviewer's eye.

This most interesting and useful exhibition will remain open until January 4, 1890, and it can hardly fail to stimulate an industry in which Americans have always excelled, but which, owing mainly to stupid legislation, has lost its prominence during these later years.

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

"THE FIRST THANKSGIVING."

Two small dimpled hands tenderly held in place, the child following word by word a mother's prayer, Mr. Smedley has made typical of "The First Thanksgiving."

The syllables that little mouth utters may be barely understandable, but are sacred, for they are sanctified by purity and innocence. That mother's sense of present gratitude, her appeal for future grace, are intensified through the lips of her child. The father listens to the artless prayer, and rightly feels that never were words spoken before more worthy of divine recognition.

It would savor of archæological pedantry to trace the history of grace said before meat. Only this may be advanced, that when man invoked a blessing, whether the prayer he offered was or was not to a heathen god, then first was born the germ of religious belief, and the recognition of something higher and better from whom all things come. The Breton peasant, who will eat no bread save when he has made the sign of the cross on it, knows nothing of an inherited Celtic custom. It is more than a pretty act. What was a black and coarse loaf, earned by severest toil, becomes then, by act of grace, the whitest and sweetest bread.

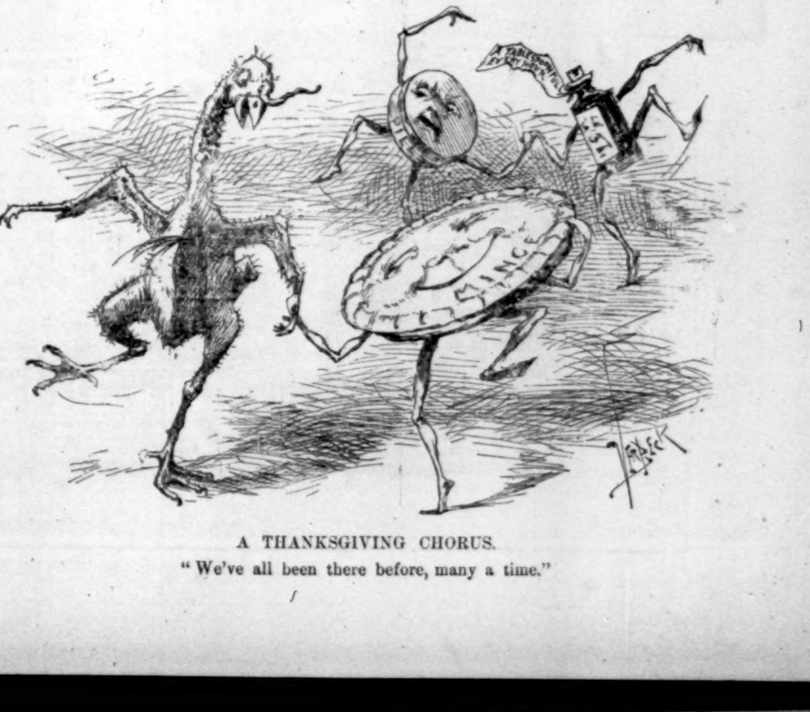
On this coming Thanksgiving Day over the broad expanse of this great land, even abroad where our people sojourn, for the recognition of this festival the methods will vary with the accidents of the surroundings. Somehow it is a day when a mother's heart opens wide, and she feels poignantly the absence of her children. How fares it with her youngest born, there being the whole width of a continent between her New England home and the son who seeks his fortune on the Pacific slope? The daughter who has followed a husband to another State seems further away from a mother of a Thanksgiving night. Perhaps to appreciate the solemnity of the occasion the mother who presides must have a strong infusion of New England blood in her veins, and so believes in the ways of the past when the children never wandered far away from their homes, or if they did, deemed a Thanksgiving dinner no dinner unless on that occasion their father or mother presided at the table. Mr. Smedley's sketch shows a city interior, and a comfortable one. The table is laid for just the three—the father, the mother, and the child. That is the family. There can be no Thanksgiving without its turkey. If there were no such bird, the Jesuit fathers would have been forced to wander forth and discover the turkey. The turkey may not be a twenty-pound one, but there is sufficient for the party. The table is an elegant one, decked with flowers. The people are well-bred, and know what are the exigencies of a quiet dinner served without ostentation. The people who are to dine are city people. From the window the inmates may see that interminable line of buildings, with here and there an open space or an edifice of lofty proportions. Far beyond may stretch just faintly the outlines of the hills—the true country. That little child's grace, following the mother's inspiration, goes far beyond that happy home. It is a prayer that those who suffer may find surcease of pain and trouble, and that to one and all this Thanksgiving may be a happy one.

A MADISON SQUARE CROSSING.

MR. DE THULSTRUP has chosen as the subject of his spirited picture on the front page of this number a scene of daily and hourly occurrence at all seasons of the year, and one familiar to all who know New York's great central thoroughfare, Broadway. New York differs from most large cities in that it is so peculiarly located on its long narrow island, and its one main artery seems to be this noble street, through which nearly everything on wheels—trucks, carriages, cars, stages—and nearly everything that goes on feet, from the millionaire to the vagrant cur, either must go or insists upon going, there being none other on either side with anything like equal advantages or attractions to relieve it. In fact, relieving Broadway has been a problem under consideration by the rulers and inhabitants of the great metropolis for certainly the past fifty years, and when the Bowery was extended to its present southern terminus the solution was supposed to have been found. But the Bowery was not and never could be Broadway, with its palatial stores, splendid hotels, and brilliant theatres. All the important and commanding interests of the city were located along this magnificent street; business and pleasure equally drew people toward it, and so it remains that Broadway was not and has not been "relieved."

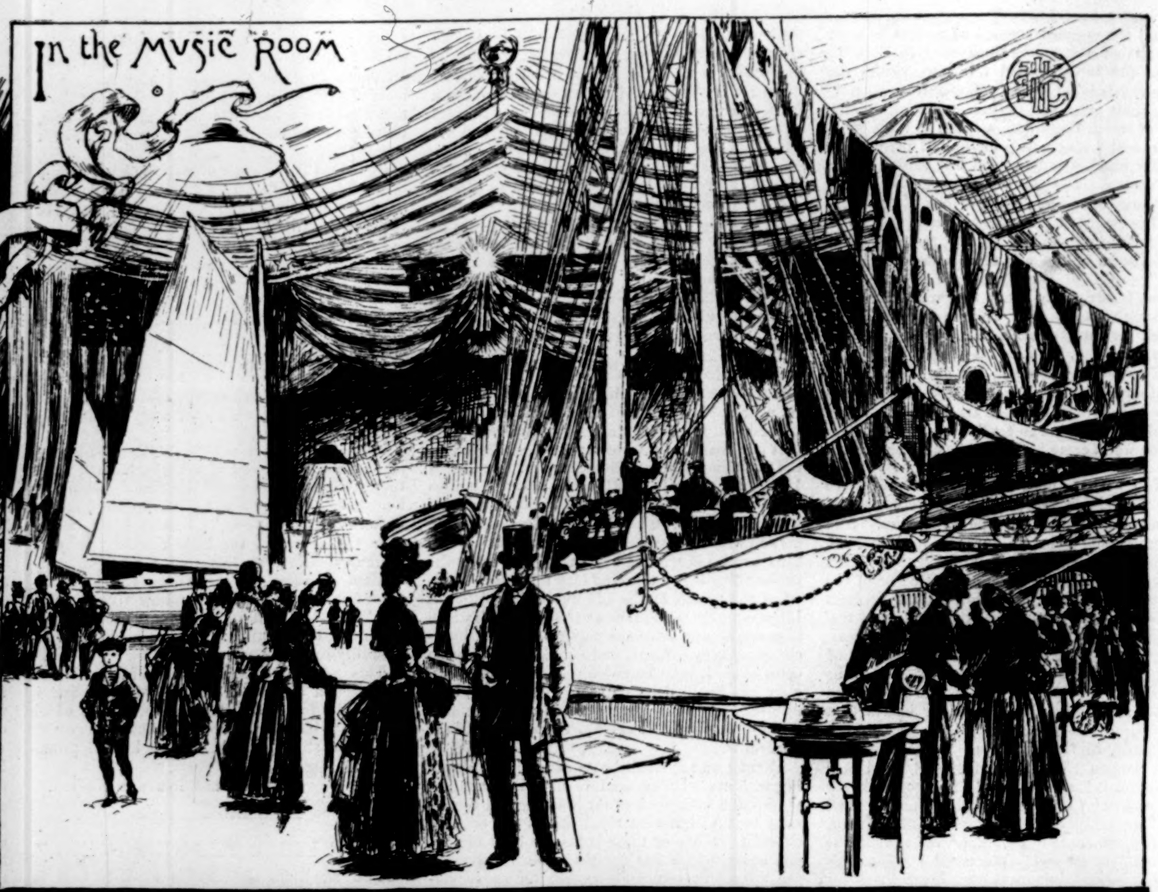
At the point shown in our picture, just opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the street is wider, and there is more opportunity for a timid pedestrian to make his way safely across than there is elsewhere. Here Broadway joins with Fifth Avenue, the result being a sort of open plaza, which extends for a short distance before the two streets again separate, the one having crossed the other, and each, assuming its own dimensions, leads on uptown. Here too congregate the beauty and the fashion of the city. It is a kind of central point where every promenader passes, the most aristocratic portion of the city lying round-about. Opposite the hotel is Madison Square, a pleasant breathing spot, on every side of which are stately residences owned by merchant princes and other leading and important personages.

One feature of "crossing Broadway" is the stately and courteous policeman, with his magnificent inches, his imposing girth, his glittering buttons, and his polite and condescendingly protecting expression and manner. If you are an old gentleman, any way infirm, a woman, or a child, his arm is always ready to assist and guide, while woe be to the unhappy Jehu who does not pull his horses instantly upon their very haunches the moment his unoccupied hand is lifted as a warning to make way for blue-coated authority and the being under his charge. There is a delicious story of an old lady from the country who was visiting the city with her niece. The calm and dignified guardian of the peace took the young lady by the arm to conduct her safely across the crowded street. This was too much for her elderly and spirited relative. With a shriek she tore the couple apart, informing the amazed owner of shield and buttons in most vociferous tones that her niece had done nothing, and she would not have her arrested. Bluecoat retired as fast as his dignity would permit, but not before the old lady had had time to emphasize her remarks upon his person by a vigorous use of her umbrella.

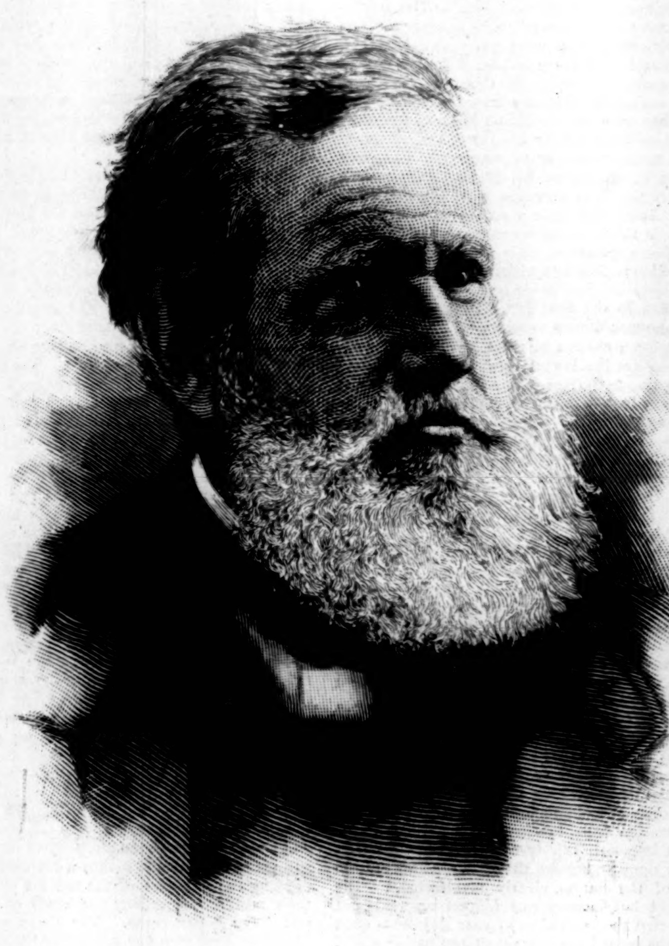


A THANKSGIVING CHORUS.
"We've all been there before, many a time."

THE
MARITIME
EXHIBITION
AT
BOSTON


In the Music Room

·ON·THE·CANAL·
From·the· Government · Exhibit·



DOM PEDRO II. OF BRAZIL.

THE PRINCESS ISABELLA OF BRAZIL.

THE IMPERIAL REPUBLIC.

"Of course I am a good republican, because I live in a republic; but if I lived where there were duchesses, I should wish to be a duchess."

I speak with fervor, for every red drop of my republican blood is throbbing royally to purple as the Brazilian trumpets sound, the guards salute, and the imperial outriders dash up royally to the door of the Houses of Parliament on the 3d of May. It is the first really imperial pageant that we have seen in Rio. For many weeks in March and April the heat was too intense and the epidemic of yellow-fever too severe for society—still less, then, of course, for government—to care what was said or done about anything. Since the weather had become tolerable, and the fever had yielded a little in its awful clutch upon the city, we had tried to struggle with the political situation, and had investigated the haunts and habits of imperialism with a mild astonishment that in a less enervating climate would have developed into ringing scorn. Anything more tawdry than shabby monarchy is hardly to be imagined. Shoddy *nouveau riche* upstartism, struggling to be aristocratic by making itself splendid, is hardly a more pitiable sight than genuine aristocracy half willing to drop down and be a democrat. In this country of Brazil, where the Emperor is such a very excellent man that he doesn't really care much about being

CHASING A CRIPPLE.—Drawn by W. L. Wells.—[See Page 939.]

an emperor; where the imperial coaches are covered all over with gilt, but with gilt that is permitted to tarnish as fast as it pleases; with coachmen in the dustiest of green and gold livery, who will be found later lounging on the curb-stones with their coats off, while their imperial masters are laying a corner-stone or listening to a Te Deum; where the Empress has been wittily described as wearing "a black silk dress with an alpaca expression"; where the sentries at the door of the palace lean on one foot, with their bayonets at any angle they please, and with not infrequently a cigarette in their mouths—my whole soul revolts, or would revolt if the Brazilian thermometer permitted one to feel strongly about anything. If you are going to have an empire, for Heaven's sake, have one that is imperial! Brazil needs not a Washington, whose dignity and wisdom presuppose a wise and dignified people to rule over, but a Napoleon, to grasp the wildly conflicting interests—not one of which is fully understood or loyally adhered to by its own partisans—and to rule despotically a people whose greatest need seems at present, even to the fiercest outside republican, a necessity for being ruled. What D—— calls persistently my "neat little republican soul" longs to sweep this heedless, tumbling, slouching, undignified dynasty, good-hearted, but, like many good-hearted individuals, spiritless and unhelpful, from the throne, take the reins of government fiercely into my own hands, and show these turbulent Brazilians—what a good republic should be? No, indeed; but what a good, strong, defiant, self-respecting empire should be. For, after all, what is our boasted republicanism? A belief that all men are equal? Certainly not; on the contrary, a belief in men being so terribly unequal that even a king's son cannot be trusted always to be kingly, so that we prefer the right to chose our rulers when we please, in order that each time we may secure as leader the man whom practically we believe has *not* his peer among us.

However, the exactions of both my political and my æsthetic conscience are satisfied to-day. The pageant really is imperial. From my lofty window I see only the gilt on the coaches, and not the tarnish; the music is spirited; the six royal steeds tear through the street as imperial steeds should tear; the Princess, yonder in the third or fourth carriage of state, looks very fair and regal in a white gown singularly free from the "alpaca expression" of her imperial mother's garments, with her beautiful neck and arms bare; and descending already from the first carriage are the royal robes we have come to see. For it is the Emperor's dress, rather than his address, that has lured us to witness the scene at the Camara. The magnificent apparel he wears to-day is kept exclusively for the opening and closing of Parliament, and it is well worth coming to see. We leave the window and go back to our seats, as the Emperor enters the great doors below, that we may witness his entrance into the Camara. The simplest republican conscience has an instinctive belief that an imperial entrance into anything ought to be impressively magnificent; and we reflect ruefully that the room we are in scarcely seems worthy of the splendid robes coming up the staircase. Such robes ought only to sweep into a Notre Dame or a Westminster Abbey, and the room we are in seems scarcely larger than a drawing-room. It is very gorgeous with brilliant uniforms and unlimited gold-lace, and there is a throne at one end of it; but the space from the door to the throne is so short that impressiveness will naturally be at a discount. Good Dom Pedro, however, is very much like the famous little hero of the *William Henry Letters*, who, when his mother proposed sending him to dancing-school that he might learn how to enter a room, announced, scornfully, "Hoh! I know how to enter a room now: go right in!" The Emperor "comes right in," and in less than a minute and a half he is on his throne. Truly he is magnificent! He is all in white and gold. White silk tights are finished at the toes with white satin shoes richly embroidered in gold; a short white satin tunic has also a gold-embroidered border; from his collar trails behind for several yards on the floor a magnificent train of dark green velvet; around his neck, hanging low over his breast, is a deep collar made of the golden feathers from the breasts of the toucan; above this, a fall of rich lace held down by a splendid chain of jewels; in his right hand a solid golden staff towering above his imperial head; and on the head itself a small tight-fitting cap of dark green velvet, over which is clasped the imperial crown, brilliant with the court diamonds and rubies. And the face? But what does the face matter? At the best, or rather at the worst, it would be, like the poor effeminate face George Eliot described of the weak French king entering Florence, "only an interruption of a few square inches in the midst of much purple and gold." However, fortunately the face here does not disappoint you; it is a good, strong, benevolent, almost imperial face, and the white hair and flowing long white beard are in harmony with the white and gold of the rest of the picture. Still the impression is not wholly impressive; the royal victim totters a little on his spindling white silk legs in spite of the golden staff.

"What is it," I whisper, "that makes it, with all the magnificence, seem very nearly ridiculous?"

"I think," murmurs D——, mildly, "it is because he looks so much like Santa Claus."

The description is perfect. It is Santa Claus himself who now rises from his throne, manuscript in hand, to open Parliament with a general allusion to the condition and needs of the country, quite as prosaic in tone and unhelpful as to any real suggestiveness as are our Presidents' messages and inaugurals. "Something must be done." It is always the clear and simple duty of the executive, whether Emperor or President, to make this wise and timely suggestion, with manly courage and clear-headed foresight, it being the privilege of attaining to executive honors that one may comfortably leave the decision as to what shall be done to the responsible consciences of the incorruptible statesmen supposed to compose one's Parliament or Congress. The situation of the country is critical. It always is; but it adds to the zest of the present foreshadowed crisis that our good old Santa Claus, masquerading as an Emperor, must have an uncomfortable consciousness that the utmost deference of the majority of his people just at present consists in waiting politely for him to die, proposing then to annul the imperial right to the succession and establish a republic, which it is thought the good and democratic Emperor would himself have a friendly hankering for, if he and his children were not unfortunately the ones who would have to forego the crown. There has been the most frightful epidemic of yellow-fever ever known in the country, and the Emperor recommends to mercy—the mercy of his incorruptible statesmen—the inhabitants of Rio, before another season of epidemic sets in. What should be done? "Oh, something—something, you know. I leave it to your judgment." But the Emperor's own judgment seems to be, so far as he expresses it at all, as the caricatures in the comic papers of that week took pains to illustrate, a general belief that the remedy for all evil—political, moral, or sanitary—is in religion; more churches, more priests, more rosaries, more confessions. That there should be less to confess does not seem to suggest itself; and one is uncomfortably sure that, now the weather is cooler, the fever subsiding, and the city reservoirs refilling with the long-needed rains, sanitary precautions will no longer seem necessary to the incorruptible statesmen. In a healthy season the sanitary condition of Rio appeals to them about as little as did his leaky roof to the proverbial Patrick: when it was raining he couldn't mend it, and when it stopped raining he didn't mind the leak.

But the farce is over, with its glittering covering of white and gold. Parliament is opened; and such a Parliament! Looking before and after, the conclusions that force themselves upon the New England mind not yet completely the slave of Brazilian climate are curious and interesting. Two weeks before, we had stood in the great cathedral while a splendid Te Deum was being celebrated to commemorate the gratitude of his people for the recovery from long illness of this same Santa Claus—I beg his pardon—of this same Emperor. It was impressive, it was respectful, it was fitting, it was beautiful. I myself was glad the good old man had got well. But I could not help thinking of the six thousand souls that within the last three months had *not* recovered from the frightful pestilence, which ought in some way to be made less frightful in a country to which it is net native, but into which it has been introduced with such terrible results. And looking forward to the events—nay, they deserve not such a dignified title as events—let us rather say, to the political antics that followed the opening of that Parliament, what a travesty in the white and gold of purity and splendor that marked the opening! In what arena of politics have we ever before seen a political squabble of such utter frivolity, in which the leaders had not even the courage of their faults? Of no man in any party could it be said in these days that you could safely predicate to-day what he would do or advocate to-morrow. That cry of "My party! my party! anything for my party!" which we have come to consider as so undignified in our own country, actually seems for the moment to be honor and conscience personified in comparison with Brazilian recklessness of standard and fickleness of judgment. Everybody seemed in the mental condition of the Columbia student during our own latest Presidential election, who, when it was delicately called to his attention that he had shouted approvingly for both Republican and Democratic returns, declared, frankly, "Well, I don't care what I shout for, if I can only shout."

Our first rather scornful amusement began when we read in the evening paper a description of the scene in the Camara dos Deputados. One of the Deputies, it seemed, had refused to take the oath to the Emperor, on the ground that his political principles were opposed to an empire. The only comment in the paper was to the effect that the President of the Camara therefore dispensed with the oath, and the new member took his seat amid a round of applause. After this we might reasonably expect the deluge, and, in truth, we get it. The Prime Minister, Sr. Joao Alfredo, is bitterly hated for his distribution of crosses of decorative honor and lucrative offices among his personal friends, and for the scandalous contracts to which he is a party. Of the decorations, a morning paper announces, with epigrammatic brilliancy, that "in olden times it was customary for tyrants to hang thieves upon crosses, but that nowadays it was considered the appropriate thing for tyrants to hang the crosses upon thieves." As to the contracts, we have the remarkable spectacle of a speech seriously made in the Camara dos Depûtados in defence of the Ministry, not on the ground that the contracts had not been scandalous, but on the ground that every Ministry made scandalous contracts; that these were no worse than others which had preceded them; that it was natural for every official to give the good things of his office to his friends rather than his enemies; and that the present outcry was to be regretted, because it could not put a stop to the practice, and only injured the reputation of the nation abroad. However, Sr. Joao Alfredo's day is almost over. He has succeeded in having a street named after him; not a new street, but a very old one, long known and endeared to the public by another name; the effect being much as if our famous Broadway were suddenly rechristened by act of Parliament as the "Street of John Smith." But his day is almost over. "What do you think of him?" asked one Deputy of another as they left the Camara together. "Think? I think of him what was said of Boulanger the other day: that he is a man with a very brilliant future behind him." The prediction proves true. Meeting with fierce opposition from his own (Conservative) party, as well as from the Liberals and the press, Sr. Alfredo requests the Emperor to dissolve the Camaras. It is generally understood that, in a friendly way, the Emperor has promised his Prime Minister to do so; but on calling together his Council of State, its fifteen members are almost unanimous in advising against it, whereupon his Majesty informs the Ministry that it is they who must consent to resign. About this time a somewhat remarkable speech is made in the Senate by a Senator, who begs that a change of rules may be made before an election to fill a Senatorial vacancy in his province shows the inevitable result of three names presented to the Emperor, all republican, from which he would have to select one. The Senator pleads for a change in rules because, "if a republican has the lawful right to be a candidate for election to the Senate, the Senate cannot close its doors to him when elected; nor has it the right to exact from a Republican thus elected and chosen the oath to be faithful to a ruling power to which he is opposed, to sustain a political constitution which he does not accept, and a dynasty which he does not acknowledge." The President of the Senate promises to give the matter due consideration.

In the mean time the effort to form a new Ministry is a spectacle for gods and men. The Emperor calls in turn upon three Conservatives, though it is noted that he does not call upon the President of the Senate, who is generally considered as the most capable Conservative statesman, but all three find it impossible to arrange matters, the parties to whom they appeal invariably declining the invitation. Sr. Saraira, a Liberal, is then requested to see what he can do. He declines, on the plea of ill health, but has an interview with the Emperor, in which he speaks his mind very freely. He informs his Imperial Majesty that the provinces ought to elect their Presidents and Senators without any intervention from the central government. To which Imperial Majesty replies, "No one knows better than Sr. Saraira that I never opposed the will of the nation, clearly manifested." The eminent but incompetent Liberal responds, "I know that the patriotism of your Majesty is such that you regard the interest of the nation alone, without other consideration." And Imperial Majesty, "moved by these words," closes the interview with the courteous expression, "I thank all who think thus, for they do me justice."

All this is eminently polite and civilized; so much better than settling a dispute with cannon. Why is it, then, that we resent the politeness, and long for a little Napoleonic grip somewhere on the rudder of state? I am not particular whether a usurper steps in to take the reins of a republican government, or whether the Emperor manifests a sudden imperial unwillingness to be simply tolerated on the throne while he lives; but I wish somebody would do something—something either gloriously rebellious or magnificently tyrannical; it does not matter much which; though I fear I am secretly hoping for the magnificent tyrant. Sr. Saraira, having given his advice, bows and retires, recommending that the responsibility be made to devolve on the Visconde de Ouro Preto, another Liberal. The Visconde is telegraphed for, and succeeds ultimately in forming the present Ministry, which went into power on June 8th. But how does he succeed? By sacrificing some of the dearest principles of his own (Liberal) party (it being always remembered that "Liberals" are not republicans, but merely one wing of the imperial party), and by acceding to the appointment of two imperial palace favorites—a naval officer to be Minister of Marine, and an army officer to be Minister of War, both offices filled ordinarily by members of Parliament. Sr. Ouro Preto represents his party so far as to inform the Emperor that there is great dissatisfaction in the provinces, and that some concessions should be made; but instead of stating, as Sr. Saraira had done, that a Liberal Ministry would advocate local government for the provinces in the election of their own Presidents and Senators—the Senators also for only a term of years and not for life, as at present—on the same principle as our own State government in the United States, the Visconde Preto merely suggests that a list be voted for, from which the Emperor should make a final selection. The Visconde's party are naturally bitterly indignant, and the more justly because the Emperor had tacitly signified to Sr. Saraira his willingness to make the entire concession. The question of civil marriage, also a demand of the Liberals, was completely ignored by their nominal representative. Still, the Ministry was formed, such as it is, the appointment of the Emperor's favorites to places usually filled by members of Parliament being looked upon as a measure of safety for the government, and a threat to the republicans. The last Ministry, it was said, was formed to prevent emancipation, the unexpected result being, after all, to hasten it, when it was finally carried through by the Conservatives themselves. One wonders whether the effect of a Ministry intended to frighten the republicans will result in hastening the republic.

On June 10th the new Ministry were to appear for the first time in public; but there is an unexpected delay. In the Senate the President finds himself called upon to deliver a eulogy on a Senator who had died that morning, after which, out of respect, business is suspended for the rest of the day. From the Senate we went to the Chamber of Deputies, which was packed in every part. But announcement was suddenly made of the deaths of two Senators and two Presidents of provinces. There had been no quorum and no session for fifteen days during the ministerial crisis, and the announcement of the four deaths came therefore all at once. But the crowd was an impatient one. Respect for the dead gave way to their curiosity about the newly born Ministry. The delegates were in the same humor, and thought that public business just now was too important to admit of adjournment as a mark of respect, and that an expression of sorrow on the records ought to be sufficient mourning for all four bereavements. Nevertheless, the motion to adjourn is carried by a close vote of fifty-three to fifty-one.

On the following day, June 11th, however, the Camara dos Deputados is the scene of more political excitement than the good old Emperor has seen since the eager days of his youth in 1840. The crush around the building is terrible; but D—— has a permanent pass to "Tribuna No. 1"—a small private box with three chairs in front—and pushes on. The soldiers on guard announce that umbrellas cannot be admitted; the dangerous weapon is left in a neighboring shop. The Camara is crowded to its utmost. The large circular space in front of the Speaker's table is packed with Barons, Senators, and politicians of high and low degree, all standing, and extending in close-packed lines to the seven chairs for the use of the new Ministry. Even on the platform of the presiding officers the crowd is solid to the wall, the space being sufficient for perhaps one hundred people. The Deputies' seats are in three rows around the central space, and outside of railings enclosing these are large corridors, which are also crammed. The galleries on all sides are full, two boxes being given up to ladies. It is estimated that two thousand people were present. Tedious formalities of balloting for new President, Vice-President, and Secretaries, made necessary by the change in the Ministry, occupy the time until two o'clock, when the new Ministry arrive from the Senate, and take their seats. The Chef and one other wear the regulation ministerial coat with gold collar, the officers of the army and navy wear the uniforms belonging to each service, the other three are in plain black dress suits. One of the old Ministry opens the ball by telling how they went out, then the Chef of the new Ministry tells how they came in, and then the fun begins.

A Conservative Deputado, Goures de Castro, springs to his feet and makes a slashing speech, defining the unfitness of the cabinet officers for their positions, especially the heads of the War and Navy departments. The Emperor, during his conference with the respective Senators who had struggled in vain with the cabinet appointments, had been at Petropolis, whither the gentlemen supposed to "suggest" to him the fitting appointments had been obliged to betake themselves; but the Deputado on the floor makes the withering remark that the present appointments "had not been taken to Petropolis, but were brought back from there." He closes with offering a resolution that the Camara refuses to place confidence in any such Ministry.

The Liberals now take the floor. A tall, thin, nervous Deputy, Cesario Alvin, rises deliberately, and at the close of a long and careful speech defining his political course ends with a sudden scathing declaration that as he places no confidence in the present Ministry, though headed by a member of his own party, he now considers it his duty to announce himself a republican. The excitement that follows can be imagined. In the midst of it Deputy Joao Manuel rises. He is a priest, over fifty years of age, with white hair, and of medium height, with a voice ringingly clear. He is evidently more of a politician than a priest, and might have been seen before the session opened moving about with a cigar in his mouth, and laughing and joking with other members. Now, however, he is in earnest, and his words are cutting. He pronounces the new Ministry a "monstrosity," and declares that "where monarchy falls in agony, liberty springs up from the seeds scattered in the fruitful soil." He closes with the ringing words: "I repeat that Sr. Visconde de Ouro Preto will find himself mistaken in his pretensions to strangle a republic. Let his Excellency not deceive himself. All this vast expanse of country is being convulsed and aroused; the vibration of the new idea is felt in all bodies; in men and in things—ay, even in the density of our forests will be echoed the cry, 'Abaixo a monarchia! Viva a republica!'"

The storm of sound that follows is almost appalling. In the confusion one cannot tell how much of it is applause, how much condemnation. Dull indeed must be the spirit that does not respond in some way to the thrilling experience of hearing such dazzling sentiments so daringly uttered at such a time and in such a place and by such a man. People turned pale, and edged their way through the crowd to the doors. The crowd outside in the street take up the cry and swell the volume of sound, not knowing what they are shouting for, but thrilling with the vibration of sympathy. It is long before the tumult subsides within-doors. The priest has broken his oath by shouting for liberty and the republic, and will have to be either absolved or excommunicated. It will not surprise me, in this land of extremely mixed sentiments, to find both church and state sorely embarrassed to decide whether it shall be excommunication or absolution. The Chef of the new Ministry finally rises. He is a large, erect, pompous man, accustomed to dictate, but he has a slightly crushed air at the moment. Still he makes a struggle for a brave showing, and cries, "Down with the monarchy and long live the republic? No, Mr. President!" Here the tumult breaks forth, of course, once more, and Ouro Preto, as he speaks again, looks still more crestfallen. He declares that his seat is a chair of thorns, and that if the nation, through the proper channels, manifests a desire to change its institutions, he will submit to the national vote and make no opposition. One other Deputy speaks; then, at 5.30 P.M., a vote is

taken, and the resolution of want of confidence adopted by seventy-nine in favor to twenty against, one of the twenty being Ouro Preto's own son.

But how does it all end? In a republic? Not by any means. All is as quiet to-day on the river of January as it used to be during war-times on the Potomac. On the 12th the Conde d'Eu, the Emperor's son-in-law, leaves for the northern provinces to revive an interest in monarchy if possible; and a prominent republican, with a valise full of tracts, is discovered at the last moment to be on board the same steamer. At Bahia, the first port, disturbance is of course on the *qui vive*. The medical students, who form the fiercest rank of the republicans—for what occult reason I know not—give the man with the valise a rousing reception, break all the windows of their own university, and cable to the Emperor that, in order to avoid further disturbance, it will be well for him to recall the Conde d'Eu. It would not have surprised me much if the Emperor had taken their advice; but I am glad to chronicle that he did not, and that it was a discomfited republican who returned to Rio. On the 17th a brief order of dissolution of the Houses of Parliament is read, and the unhappy members, who had hoped to prolong their profitable squabbling till into September, at fifty milreis ($25) per day, pack their trunks to return home and await the decisions of the new elections, and very possibly in their calmer moments wish that they either had not or had.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

DOM PEDRO.

DOM PEDRO II. of Brazil, whose personality recent events have again made interesting, was born December 2, 1825, and was crowned "Emperor and Perpetual Defender of Brazil," April 7, 1831. His father, the head of the royal house of Braganza, had achieved the independence of Brazil from Portugal, but his leaning toward absolutism brought about a crisis which compelled his abdication, and establishing his son on the throne under a regency, he retired to Europe to spend the remainder of his days in quiet. It was a peaceable revolution, and until 1841 the infant head of the ancient house of Braganza was the subject of his tutor and the Regent Minister. On July 18, 1841, Dom Pedro II. was crowned with due solemnities in Rio Janeiro, being then only sixteen years old. The full name of the Emperor is Pedro John Charles Leopold Salvador Vivien Francis Xavier Francis de Paul Leocardio Michael Gabriel Raphael Gonzague d'Alcantara. All of these names have some historical significance, and are derived either from family patron saints or from a long line of ancestry that extends back to "the twilight of fable." Pedro Segundo was the son of Pedro Primero, Emperor of Brazil, and of Leopoldina, Archduchess of Austria. The coronation of the young Emperor was answered by the republicans of Brazil with a rebellion, which, however, was put down after eighteen months of turmoil. From the beginning of his reign Dom Pedro has been the friend of liberty, and through the efforts of the young Emperor a Brazilian contingent fought with the Argentines for the independence of that country from Spain in 1851 and 1852.

In 1843 Dom Pedro married Theresa, daughter of Francis I., titular King of Naples and the two Sicilies. By her he had two daughters, Leopoldina and Isabella. The principal events of his reign have been the troubles with England in 1862, which were arbitrated by the King of the Belgians; the war with Paraguay, beginning in 1866, and ending in 1870; and the decree providing for the gradual emancipation of the slaves in Brazil, promulgated in 1871. The war with Paraguay was long and bloody, and it was in this war that the imperial navy, under the great Admiral Barrosso, won its first laurels. Since that time the Emperor has, until the outbreak of last week's "revolution," reigned in peace, disturbed only by the intrigues of politicians and the natural cares that encompass a throne. A more astute politician never wielded a sceptre. Never did a monarch see such changes in the country and the people he governed. When, in the throne-room of the old palace in Rio, the fair-haired boy of sixteen first felt the pressure of a crown, his vast empire was an unexplored wilderness, with squalid cities strung along its coast. The capital itself reeked with fever, and was a tangle of narrow, ill-paved, undrained streets. Now the smoke of sugar refineries hangs over the Bay of Rio, and the noise of the cotton-mill is heard by the walls of Maranham. Throughout the entire length of the Amazon the busy steamboats ply, and every harbor is crowded with commerce. A navy has been created which ranks only after the navies of the great European powers. Every art and every science has a home in Brazil, and the capital is one of the finest cities in the world.

PRINCESS ISABELLA OF BRAZIL.

THE Princess Isabella, the daughter of Dom Pedro Segundo, is a woman of strong and peculiar characteristics. The Princess was born in 1846, and is now, consequently, forty-three years old. She was married in 1864 to the Conde d'Eu, son of Louis Philippe. This marriage was a complete extinguisher for the Count. He was given a few empty titles by the Emperor, and then sank gracefully and quietly into innocuous desuetude as the husband of his wife. That role he has played with monotonous success ever since.

The Princess Isabella has had occasion to try her hand at government. When, in 1876, Dom Pedro left his country for a trip to the United States and Europe, Isabella was made Regent of the Empire. Some discontented spirits, taking advantage of the Emperor's absence, began to foment discord. But they soon found that the thousands of miles of sea which separated the old Emperor from his dominion were an illusory advantage, for the Princess Regent nipped that rebellion in the bud in a manner which will long be remembered by Brazilians of revolutionary tendencies.

The Princess combines the religious fervor of her great namesake of Castile with the strength and energy of her ancestress Maria Theresa. In her the Bourbon and Hapsburg blood is more strongly marked than that of the house of Braganza. As the Princess Imperial, she has held her state in two palaces—one in Botofogo, that unrivalled section of palaces in Rio de Janeiro, and one for the hot season at Petropolis, the beautiful Brazilian summer city among the mountains. At the palace in Botofogo it has been her custom to give throughout the season a series of magnificent entertainments, and never men strove for fame or fortune more eagerly than did the young nobility of Brazil for the honor of leading the german at the Princess's. A devout and rigid Catholic, the Princess has oscillated between the state and festivities of a court and the ascetic life of a penitent. One night a stranger in Brazil, who had the entry of the court circle, might have seen the heiress of an empire surrounded by the music and the lights, the state and splendor, of the Botofogo palace. The next day, visiting some dim-lit church, he would see a plain-faced woman in a coarse gown sweeping the flags of the paved floor, and people would whisper to each other and say, "There is the Princess."

The full name of the Princess is Isabella Christina Leopoldina Augustina Miguel Gabriella Raphaella Gonzague. She has three sons—Pedro d'Alcantara Louis Philippi, Prince Imperial, born October 15, 1864; Louis Maria Philippi, born 1878; and Antonio, born 1881. The Empress has no brothers, and her only sister, the Princess Leopoldina, wife of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, died in 1871.

In July, 1887, the Emperor, feeling the weight of years and the cares of state heavy upon him, went with his aged wife to Europe, leaving the Princess Imperial as Princess Regent. While he wandered from court to court and from watering-place to watering-place, getting what enjoyment he could from the twilight of his life, the Princess managed the affairs of the empire. She has always been an ardent advocate of the abolition of slavery, and not content with the slow processes of emancipation which her father had established. In April, 1888, she dismissed the cabinet which her father had left her, and appointed one pledged to immediate action. The Brazilian cabinet is modelled after that of England, and like that holds office until a vote of censure is passed by the legislative body. Therefore the bold and almost unprecedented action of the Princess Regent in summarily dismissing her ministers occasioned considerable excitement in political circles in Brazil. The sentiment of the people, however, was with the Princess. The politicians saw in it another evidence that Isabella was determined to both reign and rule.

CHASING A CRIPPLE.

"LEARN to shoot clean," is something the older sportsman tells the younger one. It is good advice, having humanity in it. It means that the man who holds a gun must know how to use it, not bungle as to his aim, but should have knowledge of distance. If it is unsportsmanlike to blaze at a bird at such close quarters as to make what Englishmen call "a plaster" of it, it is in equally bad form to fire at birds at such long distances as only to wound them. The chances with the best shots, under certain conditions, are that a number of birds, wing-clipped or leg-crippled, will escape. In wild-fowl shooting, even with the best approved arms and skill on the part of the shooter, too many ducks, though badly hurt, escape the bag. It is wonderful at times what a load of shot a duck will take and get clear. As to bigger wild-fowl, they fly off without a stagger when the sportsman can absolutely hear the sound of the shot striking them. There are the feathers, yet before the place can be reached the bird is a hundred yards off and past capture.

It is a kindly act on the part of the sportsman to secure his bird and save it from a lingering death, for the chance that the bird will eventually recover even from a slight hurt is not one in the ten thousand. Nature has but little pity for its wounded birds.

The glory of the Chesapeake having declined, the Elysium of duck-shooting, the happy hunting-ground, is now in the lake regions. If there is any epicureanism about the shooter of wild-fowl, we should say that the ducks of the Northern lakes—canvas-backs not excepted—are finer North than South. The water-fowl finds pretty much the same food as on the Chesapeake, but in addition the native wild-rice.

In the illustration the gunner has availed himself of a blind. He has carefully set out his lures—those sham ducks. It has been a lowering morning, and the birds have flown low. There can be nothing so exhilarating as watching a flock of ducks swooping down, carried by the wind beyond the decoys, and then rapidly turning back and dropping down near the lures. Then there is a quick discharge from the double-barrels. Some half-dozen birds fall, and there is a wounded one. The punt is ready in a moment, and paddle in hand—for the water is not deep enough to row—out starts the shooter in pursuit of the cripple. If he can manage it, having a gun in the boat, he does his best to kill the bird, but that is not always possible. The race is as often as not a frantic chase, with its comic element. Dropping his gun, the man works his paddle, and now he thinks he has the fast-swimming cripple almost within his reach, when lo! from not being able to see two ways at once, he lands his boat on a clump of matted grass, and there he sticks. Sometimes the concussion, being unexpected, pitches the gunner out of his boat into the water. That is the bird's chance, and the sportsman sees the much-coveted blue-bill or red-head scuttle out of sight. Very often, as with fishermen and the fish they have lost, the bird which escapes was the finest, plumpest, and handsomest in the flock.

DISCONTENT.

You are a rosy blessing—
A blessing in disguise—
That spurs us to endeavor
To win some fancied prize.

Before our eyes the bauble
Of fame you tempting hold;
You paint us El Dorado
Brighter than burnished gold.

Not even wealth and power
Can soothe you into rest;
Of every human bosom
The constant, active guest.

You are no sullen harpy
Befeatured in despair;
You are a smiling angel,
Serene and debonair.

And through you, kindly spirit
From Heaven's sunshine sent,
We're happy as the Arab
At twilight in his tent.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE COUNTRY PEDDLER.

WHAT country girl or housewife can resist the blandishments of the peddler? Did one of them ever escape without buying something who dared to listen for a moment to his entreaties? The advent of the peddler's wagon is a sensation on a country road, where the houses are perhaps miles apart—as much of a sensation as a circus procession in the city. And the peddler must be an artful fellow too. The chances are ten to one that the farmer's wife does not want to buy anything when she comes out to the wagon, and the peddler's business is to sell her something in spite of herself. If he can induce her to purchase the article of all his stock that she needs the least, his triumph is so much the greater than if he had only sold her something that she was awaiting his arrival to purchase.

What patience and cunning the peddler often requires, and how resourceful and quick-witted he must be! Indeed we may imagine the ideal peddler to possess the qualifications that Gilbert satirically attributes to the heavy dragoon:

"The pluck of Lord Nelson on board of the *Victory*;
Genius of Bismarck devising a plan;
The humor of Fielding (which sounds contradictory);
Coolness of Paget about to trepan—
The science of Jullien, the eminent musico;
Wit of Macaulay, who wrote of Queen Anne;
The pathos of Paddy, as rendered by Boucicault;
Style of the Bishop of Sodor and Man."

The life of the peddler is not an unpleasant one either, if he be philosopher enough to appreciate the blessings he enjoys that less fortunate mortals are deprived of. To the simple country folk he goes among he is a traveller and a man of the world, whose opinion as to social ethics, the fashions, and the manners of polite society may not be disputed. He carries the news from the city, and may exaggerate all the horrors of the latest tragedies without fear of detection; and his business has something of that errant vagabondism about it that every well-regulated human being enjoys.

It is a very safe wager that the peddler in our sketch will sell that piece of goods he is offering for inspection. The daughter is set upon it; so is the peddler; and the old lady is undecided, with a distinct leaning in the same direction.

THE SENATORS FROM SOUTH DAKOTA.

GIDEON C. MOODY was born in Cortland, New York, in 1832. He attended the public schools and studied law in Syracuse. He removed to Indiana early in the fifties, and assisted in organizing the Republican party in that State. In 1860 he was elected to the Legislature. His career there was cut short by the war. He served in the army until 1865, attaining by his faithfulness and gallantry the rank of Colonel. After the war he went to Dakota, and began farming. He soon resumed the practice of the law, first at Yankton, then the Territorial capital, and later at Deadwood, where he has lived since 1877. He was several times a member of the Territorial Legislature, and in 1877 was appointed Judge of the First (Deadwood) Judicial District by President Hayes. He was a member of the Chicago Convention last year, and is reputed to be the author of its "plank" on the Territories. Senator Moody is attorney for the Homestake Mining Company, the largest gold quartz mining company in the world. He has always advocated the division of Dakota. In person he is rather stout. He is considered a sound lawyer and politician.

Richard Franklin Pettigrew, the other new Senator from South Dakota, is a Vermonter by birth. His father was a merchant at Ludlow in that State, where he was born July 26, 1848. In 1854 the family moved to Wisconsin. Young Richard entered Beloit College, intending to work his way through, but his father died, and he had to leave college and help support the family. He studied hard, however, and in 1869 he entered the law college, and in 1870 was admitted to the bar in Janesville. The same year he moved to Sioux Falls, to which he had been attracted as a good place for a rising young man during a trip through Dakota as surveyor's assistant. He reached the town with only twenty-five cents in his pocket, it is said; but he soon made his way. He has served three terms as Dakota's Delegate in Congress. In person he is more slender than his colleague. He is a friend of Prohibition, though, of course not a third-party man.

ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS.

THERE are in and around New York about 85,000 Italian laborers of the lower peasant class. Less than one-fourth of the adults are women. They come almost always with the intention of returning to Italy as soon as they shall have gathered enough together out of the plenty of this country to suffice for their simple wants at home, and to accomplish this they live in almost inconceivable squalor while toiling most arduously for the accumulation of money.

Principally on account of this squalor they are shunned socially as few other foreign races are in our cosmopolitan community. Wherever considerable numbers of them settle they drive out other people, and soon have the neighborhood to themselves. Crosby Street, Mulberry Street, and certain quarters uptown on both the east and west sides of the city are entirely given up to them, and nothing short of fire will ever purify these places sufficiently to make them habitable by other people. They are, however, not confined to these localities. Wherever the cost of living can be reduced to nothing or near it, there the Italian lives. They even sleep under the stands on which by day they sell fruit. Thousands of them in this and in other cities sell fruit for a living, and whenever they find it possible they secure stands on the street corners. On an uptown corner of Second Avenue not long ago the proprietor, his wife, his sister, and two assistants, whom he hired for less than a dollar a day, used to sleep every night under one of these fruit stands, in a space about twelve feet long by five feet wide, and only about three feet high. They slept on a board floor, softened for a bed with a litter of wrapping-paper used for the fruit, bagging, and sacking, straw, and one or two filthy and ragged quilts. The only ventilation they had was through the cracks in the wood-work of the stand, and to keep out the rain and snow they used the same water-proof covering that on rainy days protected their merchandise. In another stand about the same size, on Sixth Avenue, the Board of Health recently discovered eight men living.

As a matter of course all cannot sleep in this fashion, even if the police would allow it, in a climate like ours; so although they herd together in huts in the neighborhood of great public works, like the new aqueduct, the most of them inhabit the oldest and the cheapest tenement-houses in the city. Here they swarm like bees, and it is no uncommon thing for twelve or fifteen men, women, and children to occupy one room. As in the same houses or in their yards they sort and dry the rags and refuse which they gather for a living, the condition of filth in which they live may perhaps be imagined.

The same squalid penury characterizes the eating of the poorest and most frugal among them. The regularly employed laborer earns, if he be employed in contract work, about a dollar and a quarter a day on the average. Of this he uses perhaps fifty cents a day for his living expenses, taking his meals in the restaurants kept for his accommodation. His standard food is stew, macaroni, bread, and coffee, and for luxuries he indulges in stale beer and so-called Chianti wine. Others live on less, and since good food cannot be procured for the money they spend, they live on refuse. The traffic in decayed meats, fish, vegetables, and fruits is broken up as far as possible by the Board of Health, but it flourishes nevertheless. A few years ago the health officers after confiscating the stuff used to content themselves with throwing it into the city dumps, but they soon found that as soon as their backs were turned the Italians would gather it up again and resume business. Now, therefore, when a wagon-load of such material is captured, it is deluged with chemicals, such as sludge acid, or dead acid, a residual coal-tar product too powerful and nauseous to allow of any attempt to farther evade justice.

Less dangerous but no more pleasing is the established industry of collecting the refuse and scrap food from hotels, restaurants, and especially catering establishments. A dealer with a horse and wagon and one assistant will collect these broken victuals, and after sorting them at home, by throwing meat into one pail or box, fish into another, vegetables, bread and cake, and scraps into others, will peddle them to families, or to the lowest grade of restaurants. Even worse stories, of the eating of dogs, cats, and rats in the poorest quarters of Crosby and Mulberry streets, are told and believed by those who have studied the people there.

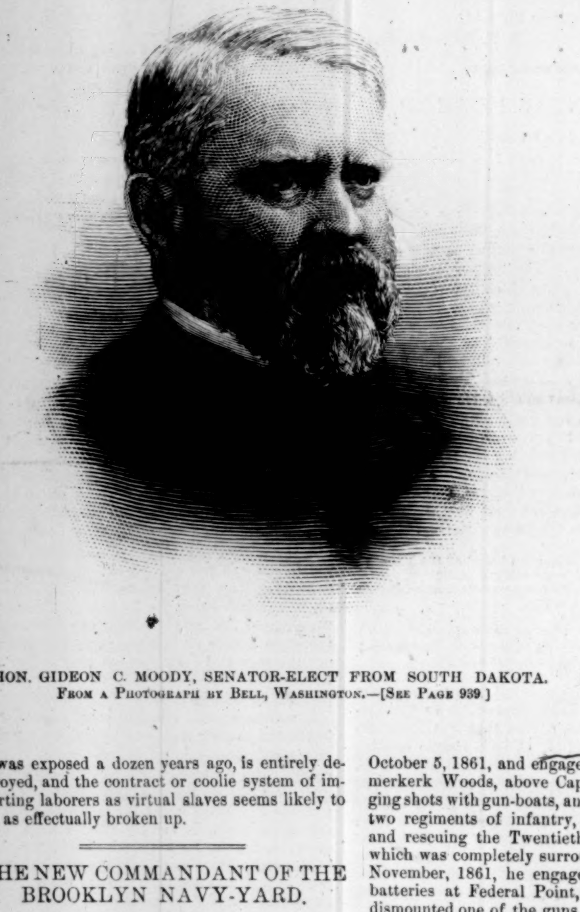
Difficult as it is to believe such things, there is no doubt that they are true. Yet the people who live like this are by no means destitute of virtues. The women are chaste, and the men, as a rule, are faithful though somewhat brutal husbands and fathers. They are industrious, and generally sober and trustworthy. The women are very religious, but the men are inclined to indifferentism.

There are criminals among them, and begging and crime are taken as matters of course, but the average peasant is guilty of neither. A separate chapter would be necessary to describe the Mafia, which is the Italian secret society of criminals.

They are generally peaceable, but, perhaps because of the lawlessness that has prevailed in Italy until recently, nearly all of them carry arms habitually. When they first come they carry knives, but after being here for a time they are apt to adopt the razor of the negro or the bull-dog revolver of the American and English tough. None of them use the club, and they will all run from one, though they are brave enough in front of a knife. In fighting, they know little of the use of the fist or the foot, but will bite, gouge, scratch, or throw an antagonist, and will bruise him frightfully with the knee. They are light-hearted, and fond, exceedingly, of music and dancing. In their court-yards, night after night, they will dance and sing till midnight; and their music is of excellent quality, for there are many very fine vocalists and instrumentalists among them.

They do not Americanize easily or quickly, and the immigrant himself is sure to die an Italian whether he returns home or not. His children, however, make bright scholars in the public schools and denominational institutions where they are educated, and grow up with American habits. The practice of enslaving children, which raised such a thrill of horror in the community when it was exposed a dozen years ago, is entirely destroyed, and the contract or coolie system of importing laborers as virtual slaves seems likely to be as effectually broken up.

REAR-ADMIRAL DANIEL L. BRAINE, COMMANDANT OF THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.



HON. GIDEON C. MOODY, SENATOR-ELECT FROM SOUTH DAKOTA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 939.]

HON. RICHARD F. PETTIGREW, SENATOR-ELECT FROM SOUTH DAKOTA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JUDKINS, BISMARCK.—[SEE PAGE 939.]

THE NEW COMMANDANT OF THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.

REAR-ADMIRAL DANIEL L. BRAINE, who succeeds Commodore Ramsay as Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, was installed into office on the morning of the 14th instant, with all the pomp and ceremony that the regulations allow. The order for his appointment has been expected ever since Secretary Tracy took charge of the Navy Department, and he makes the fourth commandant that the Brooklyn Navy-yard has had within a period of two years. There has been much talk in naval circles over the fact that the date of his commission was postponed for one week after the formal order for his appointment was issued, and his relations to his predecessor and successor in the same office have been discussed by the press and the naval public with unusual freedom.

Although appointed to the navy from Texas over forty years ago, Rear-Admiral Braine hails from Brooklyn, for he has lived in that city with his family whenever his duties would admit of it. His services cover a period of thirty-six years, twenty-one of which have been passed at sea. He was born in New York, and was appointed Midshipman on May 30, 1846. During the Mexican war he was attached to the home squadron, and was promoted to the rank of Passed Midshipman June 8, 1852. From 1853 to 1855 he served on the sloop *St. Louis*, of the Mediterranean squadron, and in the latter year was promoted to Master. He received his Lieutenant's commission on September 15, 1858, and afterward fought with distinction during the civil war. On May 19, 1861, he took part in the first naval engagement of the war—the fight with the rebel battery of five guns at Sewall's Point, Virginia, which lasted for one hour and a quarter. He was present at the attacks on Forts Hatteras and Clarke, October 5, 1861, and engaged the enemy at Kimmerkerk Woods, above Cape Hatteras, exchanging shots with gun-boats, and dispersing with loss two regiments of infantry, sinking two barges, and rescuing the Twentieth Indiana Regiment, which was completely surrounded by rebels. In November, 1861, he engaged and silenced two batteries at Federal Point, North Carolina, and dismounted one of the guns.

Braine was commissioned as Lieutenant-Commander July 16, 1862; Commander, July 25, 1867; Captain, December 11, 1874; Commodore, March 2, 1885; and Rear-Admiral, September 4, 1887. His last cruise, which was made in command of the South Atlantic Squadron, ended in October, 1888, when he was placed in waiting orders, until Secretary Tracy a few months ago made him president of the Board of Permanent Improvement at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. His appointment as Commandant of course compels him to resign this position. The new Commandant, though over sixty years of age, is hale and vigorous, and of a pleasing and dignified presence. He has before now served in various capacities at the Brooklyn yard, where he is well known and very popular.

UNNATURAL FINANCIAL RELATIONS.

In the calm that has followed, we can discuss the recent storm. The New York money market has had a full experience of the stringency which clearly awaited it this autumn—awaited it, that is, unless the Treasury rendered substantial aid before the end of September. The Treasury could have relieved matters by paying two quarters' interest instead of one on the 4 per cent. bonds on the 1st of October; it has the authority to prepay interest for any period not exceeding one year, and it might well have doubled its October payment, since the additional seven millions would have been much more serviceable then than they will be in January. Had this course been adopted, the necessary announcement in the middle of September would have had a reassuring effect, and the actual disbursement would have been very timely. But this course was not adopted, nor were the purchases of bonds large enough to give substantial relief. The consequence was that demand loans on the best securities averaged 8 per cent. in New York through the month of October, and perhaps higher, as a considerable business was done from time to time at 15 and 20 per cent. The market, however, derived more benefit than ever before from the freedom of contract which our law accords in the matter of loans on demand, and there has probably never been a period of equal stringency in New York attended with less nervousness or excitement. Before the enactment of the Kiernan law, which takes demand loans of $5000 and upward out of the operation of our usury law, money was vastly more expensive to borrow when the legal rate of 6 per cent. was not enough to bring it. A commission was at once added, a sixteenth of 1 per cent., or eighth, or quarter, or even more; the money was procured at some rate or other, and it was not unusual to pay an eighth per cent. daily for many days in succession. These exorbitant rates are obsolete now, and a few years of freedom in this respect have made the movement of money in New York almost normal. None the less, things are out of gear when money rules for a month at 8 per cent. in the financial centre of the United States at the present time.

The story is not a new one, but it will have to be told again before there is much improvement. The main trouble flows from the relations between the money market and the Treasury. Their positions are the opposite of what they should be, and hence we have an unstable equilibrium. The money market is dependent upon the Treasury, whereas it is the Treasury that ought to be dependent upon the money market. Law and administration—stating them in the order of their importance—are to blame for this. It is law that builds up the excessive Federal income, and law that prescribes the burdensome method of retiring national bank-notes. One body of law creates a dangerous surplus in the Treasury, and a single statute on the retirement of bank-notes has resulted in a lock-up in the Treasury of $71,500,000 of money of full legal tender. Skilful administration can greatly mitigate these evils, but the task is so serious that the Treasury seems to recoil from almost all expedients.

And yet something must be done by the Treasury as well as by Congress if we are not to be punished with unusual rates for money next spring, and again next autumn. The Treasury must in some way increase its purchases of bonds; deposits in national banks on pledge of bonds are not a satisfactory substitute, and as long as the Treasury gets no interest on its deposits, they actually work against purchases. The Treasury is authorized to name the terms on which it will make deposits, provided it takes security in United States bonds; and it ought to consider seriously whether it should not give notice that after a certain date it will require interest on its money—say, for example, 2 per cent. Something ought also to be done to hasten the return to the money market of the $71,500,000 of lawful money now locked up to await the presentation of surrendered bank-notes. The Treasurer has recently said that he hopes to see this large sum reduced gradually to very moderate figures; but bank-notes are still being surrendered, and lawful money turned in against them. Surely the distribution of that fund could be hastened by cooperation with banks in the reserve cities, and the experiment ought to be faithfully tried. The Secretary and the Treasurer, each in his own sphere, can do much to relieve the congestion of the Treasury, even if no change is made in the laws, which now create most of their difficulties, and aggravate the periodical and natural activity of the money market.

The laws need changing, but the officials of the Treasury must not wait for that to do the best they can in the existing situation, and with the powers they now possess. The Secretary must find means to invest his surplus instead of depositing it, to buy bonds instead of lending money on them. He must make up his mind before the spring arrives whether he ought to pay a half-year's interest on the bonded debt at that time, leaving the July market to shift for itself. The Treasurer must see if he cannot reduce his vast and grotesque redemption fund with more serviceable promptness. All this can go on without waiting for Congress, and the powers conferred by Congress on the Treasury were conferred in order that they should be used without reference to further Congressional action. When it comes to Congress, which will so soon meet, the President and the Secretary of the Treasury have the first word, and it is to be hoped they will offer definite recommendations to prevent an excess of income; and it would not be too much to hope from Mr. Windom a better plan for retiring bank-notes than the present method of locking up lawful money first, and keeping it locked up until the surrendered bank-notes make their appearance for redemption.

HENRY J. MACDONALD.

NEW YORK, *Thursday Evening, November* 14, 1889.

ANGUISH UNSPEAKABLE.

Is endured by the victims of inflammatory rheumatism, and any form of the disease may reach that agonizing phase or attack the heart and cause death. Unhappily they who feel its preliminary twinges seldom realize this. Like other possibly dangerous maladies, rheumatism is often disregarded at the outset. Well will it be for him if this brief notice shall serve as a warning of future peril or pain to a reader troubled with incipient rheumatism. The proper sequel will be an instantaneous resort to the great preventive depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, whose brevet of professional commendation popular experience has confirmed. There is no finer or more genial antidote to the virus of rheumatism in the system. Botanic in its origin, it is free from the objections attaching to depurent poisons liable to be taken in more than the infinitesimal dose. The Bitters conquers malaria, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles.—[*Adv.*]

JUST THE THING FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT.
DO YOU PLAY "HALMA"?

REV. CHAS. CUTHBERT HALL, of Brooklyn, says of "Halma":

"You have conferred a favor upon many thousands of happy homes by introducing a game which is most amusing to young persons and most absorbing to older ones. You have provided rational and restful entertainment for vast numbers of cosy winter evenings in town or country."

"Halma" will be sent free to any address on receipt of one dollar. Send for "Halma" circulars.
E. I. HORSMAN, Publisher, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y.
—[*Adv.*]

NICHOLSON'S Liquid Bread is a household necessity. The demand for it has steadily increased since its first introduction. Everybody needs it, and everybody should keep it constantly on hand.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"The Great Pain Reliever," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

THE continuous use of CORNELL'S BENZOIN SOAP keeps the skin soft, white, and healthful. 25 cents, Druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Sure, Prompt, and Effective. At druggists.
—[*Adv.*]

IF your complaint is want of appetite, try half wine-glass Angostura Bitters before meals.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

$1,000,000 worth Monuments at cost. N.Y. and Mass. Granite Works. W. Robinson, 1146 Broadway, N. Y.
—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

BOILS, carbuncles, and other skin eruptions indicate that the system is endeavoring to reject poisonous acids, and that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is imperatively needed. It is the most reliable of all blood medicines. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

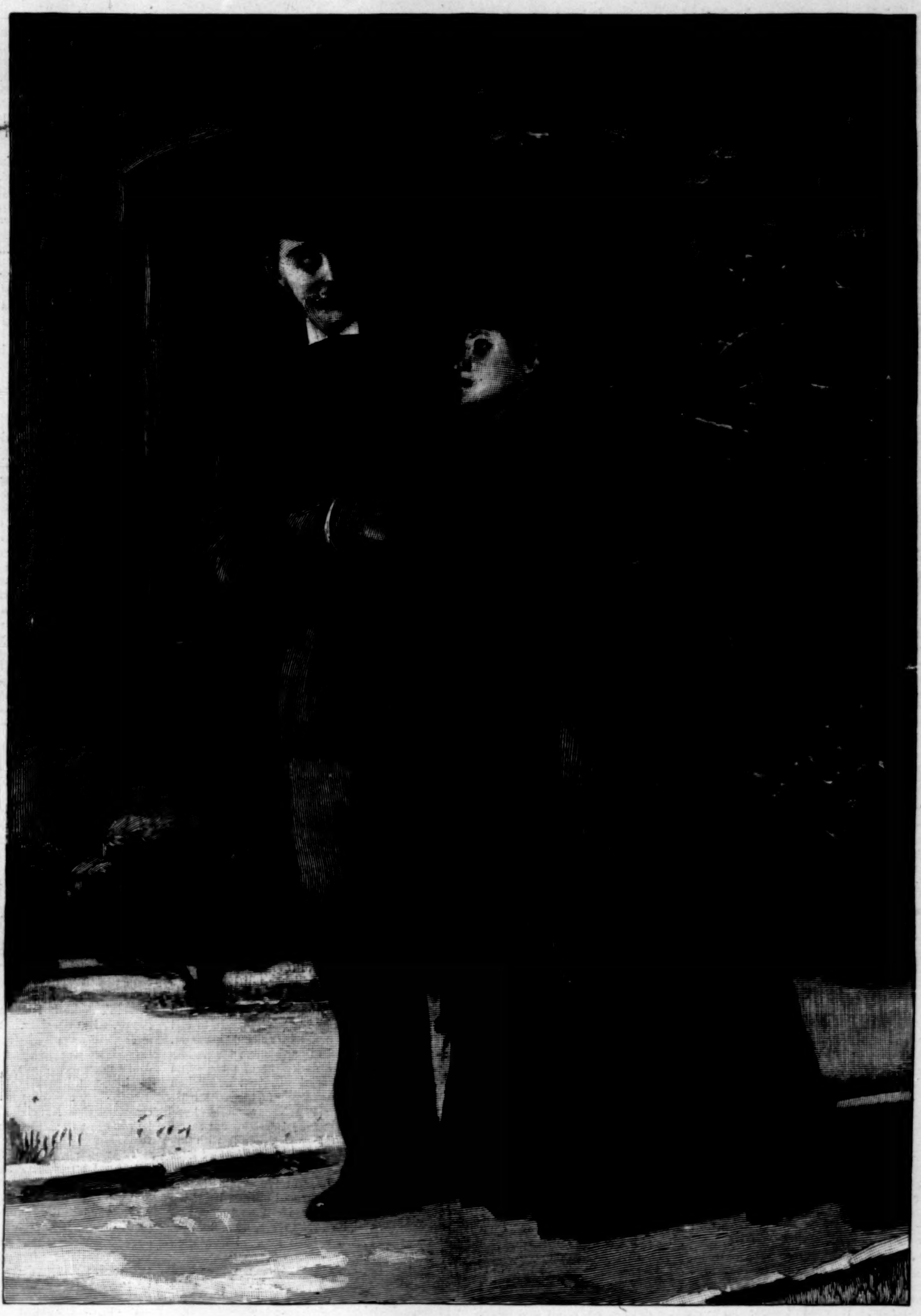
ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion........ $1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion........ 1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion...... 1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion....... 1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion. 2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space................ 10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space................ 15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space................ 20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space................ 25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.



"THE TWO FIGURES WERE WELL WRAPPED UP, FOR THE NIGHT WAS COLD."

NANCIEBEL:

A TALE OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SHANDON BELLS," "YOLANDE," "PRINCE FORTUNATUS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"GO FETCH YOUR ALICE HERE."

THERE was a slight sprinkling of snow on this walled and tiled back garden—or back yard, rather—in the High Street of Stratford-on-Avon; and the two figures who, arm in arm, were slowly pacing up and down, were well wrapped up, for the night was cold. The one was a tall young fellow of three or four and twenty, of slim build and fair complexion; the other was a young lady of lesser height, who wore a tall hat with tragic sable plumes, and had also a black fur boa wound round her neck. Not much could be seen of her face, indeed, except that she had a pert and pretty nose, and soft, eloquent, pleading dark eyes.

The young man was in an oracular mood. He was delivering a discourse, and it was a discourse on the letter *h*. He was proving to his companion that all the learned and polished nations of ancient and modern times had contemned and despised the letter *h*, even when they did not resolutely ignore it; and he was insisting that the importance conferred on that letter by the English-speaking communities, and the social use it had been put to, as a sort of shibboleth and test of one's upbringing, were the result of nothing but crass and vulgar ignorance.

"Ah! I know what you mean, Richard," the young lady said, plaintively. "It is all to give me courage—if ever I should meet your mother some day. For you know, dear, I never do make a mistake except when I am frightened or anxious. Indeed," she added, shyly, "I think you are rather sorry, Richard, that you can't oftener catch me tripping—because of the penalty. You haven't caught me once lately, in spite of all your difficult sentences. Is that why you instituted prizes instead of penalties? And tell me this, Richard—how can the same thing be both a prize and a penalty?"

"Nanciebel," said he, in answer to these mysterious references, "this is not a time for asking conundrums. I tell you, to-night I am going to speak to my mother—to tell her the whole story—"

"Oh no, Richard," she exclaimed, imploringly, "don't do that! That will only be the end, and we shall never see each other again. And our acquaintanceship has been so pleasant—"

"Acquaintanceship, Nancy!"

"Whatever you like to call it—it has been so pleasant. It will be a thing to look back on in after-years. But it will never be more than that."

"Oh, stuff!" he said, angrily. "I really wonder at you, Nancy! I never get the least help or encouragement from you. Don't I know that the circumstances are difficult enough? But you—you exaggerate them. You haven't the courage of a mouse. You talk as if I were a prince in disguise, and as if you expected my mother to throw you into the Tower as soon as she got to know.

I wish you would have a little common-sense. The widow and son of a captain in the navy are not such exalted personages—"

At this moment an open door at the foot of the yard was still farther opened, and there stood revealed, shining in ruddy light, the stationer's shop and "fancy goods emporium" which was owned by Miss Nancy's elder brother, and over which that young lady herself presided.

"Nancy!" called a small boy—a younger brother.

"All right, Jim! One moment, Richard!"—and she had gone to attend to that infrequent visitor, a customer.

When she had returned, and had taken his arm again, and nestled up to him (for the night was exceedingly cold, and she was an affectionate kind of a creature), she said,

"Richard, what would your mother think if she saw me behind that counter?"

"She would think you were extremely pretty," said he, with promptitude; "and what is more, when she gets to know you, she will say you are as good and true and kind and warm-hearted as you are nice to look at. And what more could you want?"

"Ah," said Nanciebel, sadly, "you fancy she will see me with your eyes; but that is not the way of the world."

"What do you know of the way of the world?" he made answer. "Look here, Nancy: haven't I told you that my mother's two books are the Bible and Tennyson, and that she believes equally in both? Very well: now let her put her faith into practice. 'Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.'"

"Ah, yes; it is so pretty to read about in a book," said Nanciebel, in her plaintive way, "but it is so different in actual life—"

He threw away her hand from his arm.

"I have no patience with you!" he said, with an angry frown.

And she on her side was just as quick. She drew herself up, and said, with proud lips:

"And I, Mr. Kingston, have no wish to remain here to be insulted. Good-night."

She was moving haughtily away; and he, in his temper, was like to let her go; but he thought better of it; he put his hand on her shoulder, and somewhat sulkily said, when he laid hold of her,

"Nancy!"

"Oh, I suppose you do not understand," she said, indignantly, "that I have a little self-respect—that I wish to be treated with a little common civility and courtesy? But I would have you know that I am just as proud as you are—prouder, although our stations in life may be different."

"Nancy!" he said, in a more appealing way.

"But I am content," she continued, in the same proud and indignant tones. "I have asked nothing from you. This relationship between you and me was not of my seeking; and now that it must end—now that it has ended—good and well: I have nothing to regret. Good-night, Mr. Kingston!"

And again she was going away, but he caught her by both shoulders.

"Nancy!—Nancy!—listen to me! How can you be so unreasonable—"

She tore herself from him; but it was only to burst into a passionate fit of crying and sobbing, her hands over her face, her head averted. Of course he was beside her in a moment, drawing her toward him, and petting her.

"I didn't mean it, Nancy!—I meant nothing at all!" he pleaded. "Don't make me miserable! I can't bear to see you crying—"

"It is of no consequence," she sobbed. "It has all come to an end now. I knew it from the beginning. And—and there has been enough of misery—and enough of misunderstanding—and quarrelling—we were never suited for each other—it has been a mistake throughout—and—and now there is an end—and—and I am glad—I am very glad," she said, with another burst of tears.

"Come, come, Nanciebel," said he, soothingly and coaxingly, "don't say everything is at an end on the very night that I am going to appeal to my mother, and when I want all the self-confidence and courage I can muster. Why don't you look on the brighter side of things? Think how fond she is of me; she would do anything for me. And then, if it comes to that, I have some claim to be considered. It wasn't nice for me to be called away from Oxford when my father died, at the end of my very first term. One single term! But did I grudge it? No; not when the Mater put it before me, and said how lonely she would be in the world, and asked me to be her companion. And here have I been living in that old-fashioned place, hardly seeing anybody, with next to nothing to do; and when I show my mother how a little family of three would be ever so much more snug and comfortable than our two solitary selves living there, don't you think she will agree?"

"You are so unkind to me, Richard!" murmured Nanciebel, with hidden face; but she did not attempt to get away from him now.

"No, I am not. It is you who are so unreasonable," he protested.

"Then say you will not do it again," the half-sobbing voice murmured.

"I promise you that, or anything else you like, Nancy," he said, "if you'll only look up and let me see your face, and be good and kind again, as you can be when you choose."

She did as she was bidden; and as she dried her eyes she said:

"I call it downright wicked of you, Richard, when you are about to take such a serious step, to waste the time in quarrelling and trying to vex and hurt me. How do we know how many hours we may ever have together? Perhaps this is the very last, and yet you quarrel—"

"I am sure I did not; it was you!"

"Now, don't begin again, Richard!" she said. "How can you be so unjust and inconsiderate and unkind when you know what I have to suffer for your sake? And are you really going to speak to your mother to-night? When shall I know what she says? Oh, I am so frightened when I think of it! I lie awake at night wondering how you will begin; wondering what her answer will be. And I know, dear," continued Nanciebel, with a bit of a sigh, "that if she is angry with anybody, it will be with me. She will blame it all on me; she will never think it was you who—who—began to—began to—"

"When once she sees your pretty eyes, Nancy, she will understand the whole affair," said he; "and that is what I am most anxious for. If I can only get her to know you—to know you as you are—I have no fear. It would be all plain sailing then."

"Mothers and sons have different ways of looking at things," said Nancy, who had her little traits of shrewdness, "especially when it is some one the son is fond of. Oh, just to think of going to see her—it frightens me to death! I know what she will be saying to herself: 'You, you impertinent wretch of a girl, how dare you try to entrap my son! How dare you imagine you will enter our family!' And I don't, Richard dear! I don't indeed! I do not dare to imagine anything of the kind. I am too terrified. It would be far better to let everything remain as it is. You will go and get married to some one whom your mother will approve of; and many a year hence you will be saying to your wife: 'I once knew a girl called Nancy; she lived at Stratford. I think she was a little bit fond of me. Poor Nancy!' And I suppose I may get married too; but I wouldn't utter a word to anybody about what is over and gone; I would only think and think of the dear, dear winter nights when you used to walk with me arm in arm, and both of us dreaming of all kinds of impossibilities, and my heart just beating and throbbing for happiness. And I will never, never part with the locket—I don't care who may object. If ever I marry, I will say this: 'Well, you must take me as I am; and I can't help remembering things.' And I know this, that whatever happens to me, and whether I marry or don't marry, the dearest name in all the world will always be to me—Richard!"

"You speak very freely of the chance of your marrying some one else," said he (though, surely, her artless confession might have been sufficient for the most exacting of lovers), "but I am going to make sure you shall do nothing of the kind, unless you mean to commit bigamy. Is that your little project, Nanciebel?"

"Ah, it's all very well for you to talk with such a light heart, Richard dear," she answered; "but I don't know what is going to happen to-night, nor what you may have to tell me to-morrow."

"Why, what can happen?" he remonstrated. "You don't understand at all, Nancy. You seem to imagine I am going to face a stern parent, who will storm and rave and cut me off with fourpence-halfpenny, and who will get hold of you and lock you up in a cell on bread and water. My goodness! The Mater is just about the gentlest little woman in the world, and you will find that out for yourself some day. And why should you dread what is going to happen to-night? Do you think I am going to ask her permission to marry? Not likely! I hope I am old enough to judge and decide and act for myself. But of course when I tell her that I have judged and decided, and that I mean to act on my own account, I hope she will take it all right. It will be so much more pleasant. Of course I don't wish to annoy her; I wouldn't vex her for the world, and I know I have done nothing to vex her, if she will only listen to reason, and if she will consent to make your acquaintance, for that's where it all lies, Nancy, as I have told you again and again. When she knows you, she will just take you to her heart. And that is what I am going to ask of her to-night, that I may bring you out to Woodend, so that you two may become friends. She must know well enough that it is better for me to marry a good, true-hearted girl than to run the racket that most young fellows do; and where could she find anybody that would make a more affectionate daughter than yourself, Nancy?—for there is that about you, you know—you have a fine capacity for loving—"

"You needn't bring that as a charge against me, Richard!" she interposed, with a pout.

"A charge against you! It is your most adorable quality, Nancy," he said, "so long as you reserve all your loving for me. But I sha'n't quarrel with you if you transfer a little of it to the Mater, who can be very affectionate too, when she likes. Now I must be off, dear, or I shall be late for dinner. To-night I am going to see what can be done. I think everything will go smoothly. And to-morrow, how shall I be able to tell you what has happened? You know I don't like coming here much in the daytime, Nancy, lest people should talk."

"Kate will be back from Evesham to-morrow morning," Nanciebel made answer. "I can get out at any time. Suppose you meet me at the end of the church—by the river; that will be out of the way."

"And at what time, Nancy?"

"Any time you like. Well, say a little after five o'clock in the afternoon; will that suit you, Richard?"

Their long and tender adieux over, he passed through the front premises, and soon he had quitted the gas-lit streets of Stratford town, and was out in the white and silent country. As he strode along the highway he looked up to the palely irradiated heavens, and he repeated aloud (for he was about as deeply steeped in Tennyson as his mother was):

"As shines the moon in clouded skies,
  She in her poor attire was seen:
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
  One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
  In all that land had never been:
Cophetua sware a royal oath:
  'This beggar maid shall be my queen!'"

And of course he was the King Cophetua of these modern times, or at least Nancy appeared to think so, though she would hardly have appreciated the allusion to her poor attire, for Nanciebel was one of the most smartly dressed girls in Stratford-on-Avon.

And Tennyson was again and cunningly called into requisition that evening by this young man. When he got home he had just time to dress for dinner—a mark of respect he never failed to pay to his mother; then he gave her his arm and led her into the dining-room, as his father had been wont to do before him. It was a quaint old-fashioned-looking apartment; for Woodend had been originally a farm-house, and when it was changed into an independent residence, they had transformed the big kitchen into a dining-room; so that here were stone floors, partially covered with rugs, and a vast hearth, with brass fire-dogs for the logs of wood, and shelves over the sideboard for a brave display of shining pewter platters. Mr. Richard was somewhat silent during this meal. His mother asked him how he had spent the day; but he could give no clear account of himself. The fact is, this young man was accustomed to haunt the town of Stratford and its neighborhood, on the chance of his getting a glimpse of a certain gray and purple dress—a costume which he could now recognize at a great distance, and which told him that Nanciebel had come forth for a little stroll, perhaps across the fields to Shottery, or over the bridge and along to the Weir Brake. It was wonderful what an amount of conversation these two had to get through, and how all important it was that certain things should be repeated on every occasion on which they met. Or if they did not speak at all, they were still happy enough, for their imaginations were busy with the long lifetime stretching out before them. Then, before entering the town again on their return, they parted (for Stratford, like most other small places, is inclined to gossip); and this separation lasted until the dusk of the winter afternoon came down, and until the lamps were lit, when he could approach the little stationer's shop unobserved. At this time of the year there was not much doing in any of these establishments. In summer, Miss Nancy was kept busy enough with visitors, mostly Americans, who bought photographs of the parish church, of Shakespeare's birthplace, and of the beautiful river view that has been spoiled by the hideous theatre, and who were proud to take away with them as memorials of their visit all sorts of pen-holders, albums, needle-cases, blotting-pads, match-boxes, paper-knives, birthday books, and similar things, each with a little glazed picture of some bit of Stratford or of Warwickshire to tell where it had come from. But in winter Miss Nancy's situation was a sinecure; at any moment she could leave her sister Kate in charge; nay, if Mr. Richard chanced to come in of an evening, and if she was minded to put on her furry jacket and her tall hat, and go for a little stroll with him up and down the walled-in enclosure at the back, even her small brother Jim could take her place, ready to call out "Nancy" if any one happened to come in. Jim played gooseberry to perfection; for he was a studious boy, with a dark love of pirates and cut-throats and equatorial savages; and when he was revelling in bucketfuls of blood he little cared how long his sister Nancy might keep pacing up and down in the crisp snow out there. Mr. Richard supplied him bountifully with his favorite literature, and Jim had eyes and ears for nothing else.

When dinner was over at Woodend, Richard Kingston went to the door and opened it for his mother; but ere she passed out on her way to the drawing-room, he said to her, with his eyes cast down, and with a most unusual hesitation and abashment:

"Mother, I want you to do me a favor—I want you—to read a page of this book—and—and—to think about it. I have marked it—will you take it now—and read it?"

"Oh yes, Richard, of course, if you wish it," the gentle-faced little woman said, wondering at her son's confusion. Had this been a manuscript poem of his own composition, she could have understood his embarrassment; but the familiar green volume—her beloved Tennyson—why should that cause the boy any perturbation? However, she took away the book with her, and he shut the door after her and returned to the fireplace, to stand there and ponder over what he had done and its possible consequences.

For the page which Mrs. Kingston had been besought to read and consider in this especial manner contained three verses, and the verses were these:

"And slowly was my mother brought
  To yield consent to my desire:
She wished me happy, but she thought
  I might have look'd a little higher;
And I was young—too young to wed:
  'Yet must I love her for your sake;
Go fetch your Alice here,' she said:
  Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake.

"And down I went to fetch my bride:
  But, Alice, you were ill at ease;
This dress and that by turns you tried,
  Too fearful that you should not please.
I loved you better for your fears,
  I knew you could not look but well;
And dews that would have fall'n in tears
  I kiss'd away before they fell.

"I watched the little flutterings,
  The doubt my mother would not see;
She spoke at large of many things,
  And at the last she spoke of me;
And turning look'd upon your face,
  As near this door you sat apart,
And rose, and, with a silent grace
  Approaching, press'd you heart to heart."

Would the gentle-eyed and gentle-voiced little widow in the next room understand? Surely the message—the entreaty—was clear enough. Yet he was afraid of his own temerity; and likewise he was afraid that when the time came for explanation he could not tell her all that Nanciebel was to him. When ought he to go and see what impression had been made? Perhaps it would be more prudent to wait until the first surprise was over—until she had had time to see that it was but natural her son should choose for himself a mate.

As he stood considering, the door was opened and his mother appeared. With a sudden sinking of the heart he noticed that her lips were pale and her eyes anxious and concerned. She shut the door behind her and came quickly forward, her gaze fixed intently on his face.

"Richard," she said, in an undertone, "who is she?"

He was startled and frightened.

"At all events," he said, hastily, "you may be sure of this, that she is worthy to be brought into this house and to be received by you as your daughter."

It was a little speech he had prepared beforehand, but now it did not seem to have any effect.

"Who is she, Richard?" the widow again demanded.

He told her.

"A shop-girl!" she said, faintly.

"No, mother, not at all!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "The place belongs to her brother, and she merely looks after it for him. He is very well off—you know Emmet & Marlow—he is a watchmaker himself, and I suppose started this other business for the benefit of his two sisters. But what has that got to do with it, mother? She will cease to have any connection with the shop the moment you say the word. And as for herself, there is not a dearer or better girl in the whole country. I am certain you will be the first to say as much when you get to know her."

"Surely, Richard," the little woman said, in a kind of wistful way, "you might have chosen some one whose family was known to us—who was known to your own friends and relatives. I do not say anything against the girl; it would not be just; but she must herself be aware how strange, how unusual the whole situation is. A clandestine engagement—how came she to consent to that?"

"Mother," said he, taking both her hands in his, "that was all my fault! I ought to have told you long ago; but Nancy was afraid. Cannot you understand? Isn't it clear in the poem I asked you to read? Indeed, she was quite in despair; she does not know how gentle and kind and considerate you are; she is terrified at the thought of meeting you; indeed, again and again she has told me that what I wished was an impossibility, and that she would never be the means of bringing about any dissension between you and me. Well, I hope that will never arise—she couldn't bear it; she says she would rather give me up a hundred times over."

The mother looked at her handsome boy.

"Richard," she said, "you know I wish for nothing but your happiness. There is no sacrifice of my own feelings or my own prejudices I wouldn't make if I was sure it would make you happy. But consider. Young men of your age are apt to form such fancies. The girl may be everything you say, and yet—and yet it might prove to be only misery for both her and you in the long-run."

"Mother, I want you to see her," he cried, confident that Nanciebel's soft dark eyes would be sufficient to resolve away all these doubts and fears.

The widow was silent for a moment or two.

"May I bring her to see you, mother?" he entreated.

"Would it be wise, Richard?" she said, in reply. "Would not that be making a family compact—would it not be recognizing as a serious engagement what may after all be a mere passing infatuation? Have patience, my dear child; take time; think what a terrible thing it might be to pledge your whole future, and to find out that you had cause to repent. Your uncle Alexander has often asked you to go out to Shanghai. Well you know how I should grieve to lose you, even for a week or a day; but wouldn't it be wise if you were to go away from Warwickshire for three months or six months, and see whether your mind might not change in the interval? I know what these sudden fancies are worth. They are common to both young men and young women—illusions of the brain—the most uncertain guides. It is for your own sake I speak, dear. You see how I am willing to put aside my own prejudices; it is not because of her station in life that I object; after all, that is not of the first importance. But what surely is of the first importance is that you should know your own minds, that your affection for each other should be tried and found capable of standing the strain of absence. Richard, to please me, will you go out for a few months to Shanghai?"

"Yes, I will, mother," he answered, cheerfully and confidently, "if you ask me after you have come to know Nancy a little. Let that be the first thing; then you will be able to judge and decide. Let me bring her to see you."

The widow hesitated, reluctant; but this handsome lad held her hands in his, and what would she not do for his sake?

"Very well," said she.

He kissed her.

"There is the dearest mother in all the world. Ah, when you and Nancy are friends you won't talk about Shanghai; you'll be as anxious as I am that she should come and live with you at Woodend. What a pleasant companion for you, mother—so kind and light-hearted and loving. I'll tell her, mother. You shall see her to-morrow. And you won't scrutinize her too severely? No, you won't be able when you look at Nanciebel's eyes."

CHAPTER II.

A PRESENTATION.

RADIANT, triumphant, with all the light-hearted hope and courage of youth, Richard Kingston went to keep his assignation with Nanciebel. It had snowed heavily all the preceding night and all the morning; but the afternoon had brightened somewhat, and in the western skies there was now a pale glow of saffron, though that was hardly strong enough to tinge the cold white landscape.

When he reached the church even-song was going forward; through the windows he could see the gas-jets all lit up, points of lemon-yellow fire in the dusk; and ever and anon came the soft thunder-roll of the organ and the clear singing of the choir. He walked along to the riverside. The elms overhead were heavily draped with snow, for not a breath of wind was stirring. The dull green surface of the Avon was broken here and there by gray patches of ice floating down with the slow current. On the other side were the flat white meadows, and beyond these again white slopes and heights, with black hedges and trees protruding. The world was quite silent, save for the hushed and slumberous music in the church.

Now, some one had considerately cleared a path from the porch to the side of the stream, so that when Nanciebel came along the deep snow caused no inconvenience either to her skirts or to her neat small ankles. It was a cold and cheerless trysting-place, to be sure; but love's fires burn independently of the weather, and it was not the wintry landscape that was in Miss Nancy's mind.

Nor was it in Mr. Richard's mind, either; for now, and quite suddenly and unexpectedly, he experienced a new emotion—an emotion that caused him no little disquiet. Hitherto, whenever he had caught sight of Nancy his heart had filled with joy; the most distant glimpse of the gray and purple dress and the sable-plumed hat had been like a kiss for sweetness; his eyes lighted up to welcome her. But now, to his amazement and dismay, he found as Nanciebel approached that he was grown anxiously critical. He scrutinized her—her appearance, her expression; her dress, her manner of walking—as if he feared that some objection might be taken. And perhaps she noticed his unusual look, as she timidly gave him her hand. She flushed a little, and when she spoke it was with averted eyes.

"You asked me to meet you, Richard," said she, "and I have come, but not with any kind of expectation. You were too confident. But don't think I shall be annoyed or disappointed; I knew what your mother would say."

Ah, well, the sound of her voice, with its mysterious charm, which could thrill his heart with the simplest phrase—that delightful sound gave him courage again. How could his mother withstand those soft, low, penetrating tones? What mattered it what kind of gloves she wore, what kind of brooch was at her neck, when that tender voice could win its way to the heart, when those soft dark eyes could plead for kindness?

"But you're all wrong, Nancy," said he, with a kind of forced cheerfulness (for it had alarmed him to find that he could scan the appearance of his sweetheart in this critical way). "The Mater wants you to come and see her. It will be all right, as I told you it would. Of course—"

"Of course what, Richard?" she said, seeing he hesitated.

"Well, you can't expect impossibilities, Nancy," said he, vaguely.

"Richard," she said, "why don't you confess the truth? Your mother is surprised and grieved by what you have told her; and although she may have said that you might take me to see her, it was against her will, and only to please you. And you know she will never really consent, though she may formally do so out of her fondness for you. Very well; why should you vex and trouble her any more? I say now what I said yesterday. Let this stop where it is. Let us be friends—true friends—always and always—but nothing more than that. Then we can grieve no one."

"And this is what your affection comes to?" said he, reproachfully. "I thought you loved me, Nancy."

Tears could rise quickly to those dark lashes.

"It is not my fault, Richard," said she. "But everything is against us. I knew your mother would say no."

"But she does not say no!" he exclaimed. "Nothing of the kind. Of course, as I say, you can't expect impossibilities. You can't expect her to be enthusiastic. What woman would be about a proposed daughter-in-law she has never seen? It is but natural for her to have doubts. How can she know how thoroughly you and I understand each other? And it is for your happiness as well as mine that she talks about separation—about the necessity for some considerable time of separation—to see whether we know our own minds. Six months at Shanghai—that's what she proposes for me, Nancy."

"Shanghai!" repeated Nancy, and she looked up with a frightened stare.

"Yes, indeed. And it's you who have to save me from that banishment. It all rests on your shoulders," he continued, more cheerfully. "But I know you will come through the ordeal in triumph. Who could withstand your eyes, Nanciebel? You don't yourself know what a winning fascination they have. And you won't be nervous after the first second; you will see my mother wants to be kind. You remember how the Miller's Daughter was anxious about what dress would please; but you have nothing to fear on that score; you are always as neat and pretty and in good taste as it is possible to be. I wish I could help you, Nanciebel, but I can't; you've got to do it all."

"Richard," said she, a little proudly, "don't you think it is rather—rather unfair—that I should be taken out to Woodend on approval?"

"Well, so it would," he answered her, "if anything of the kind were in contemplation. But it isn't so. You are going out to make the acquaintance of my mother, and you will find her ready to welcome you, be sure of that. Of course," he added, in rather a stammering fashion, "I—I hope you on your side will be—well, conciliatory and nice. You need not take it as if it were a hostile challenge between two women, each anxious to criticise the other. If you go out there determined to make friends, Nancy, it will be all right."

She looked rather blank for a second or two.

"If I go it will be for your sake, Richard," she said; "but what I am most afraid of is that I shall be so terrified as to be able to do nothing. Your mother will think me stiff or ill-mannered or stupid, when I am simply frightened. You see, you are all impetuosity and eagerness; you don't care; you don't consider what an awkward position I shall be in. It is not as if I were being taken out to visit your mother by some acquaintance knowing us both. I am presented to her all of a sudden as some one who proposes to become her daughter-in-law. It's nothing to you; you think it is all right and natural; but it is dreadful for me. I know what she will be thinking—that I am a forward, impertinent minx, without any delicacy of feeling or propriety of conduct."

"Oh yes," he broke in, scornfully, "she is likely to think that of you after she has spoken to you for three minutes! That is precisely your character, Nanciebel; you are so brazen in audacity."

"And when is this fearful thing to be got through, Richard, dear?" asked Nancy, looking down.

"To-morrow afternoon," he said, with ineffable impudence (just as if his mother had made the appointment). "I will bring in the pony-chaise for you, and drive you out."

"But—but where shall I meet you?" she asked again.

"I will come for you," he answered.

"Not into the High Street?" she hinted, timidly.

"Why not?"

"The people would talk," she said, with lowered eyes.

"Let them talk," he answered, boldly. "It is time this hole-and-corner arrangement was done with. I want the whole thing to be recognized now. When they see Miss Nancy Marlow driving out to Woodend I dare say they will talk. So much the better! I am not for half measures."

"No, you never are, Richard," Nancy said, with a bit of a sigh. "And I wonder what will come of it all!"

Nor did she cease to be timorous and apprehensive. It was bad enough that she was going out to Woodend "on approval"; but it was ever so much worse that the neighbors should know it—or guess at it—from the fact of his driving in to the High Street to call for her.

"Don't you think, Richard, dear," said she at last, "it would be better if I met you somewhere a little way out of the town—say, at the railway bridge."

"Then you would have to walk all that way through the snow, Nancy," he pointed out, "and your boots would get wet, or even muddied, if there was a thaw. You see, I want you to be as neat as a new pin, as you always are. Not that I care about such things myself; as long as your heart is warm and loving, what do I mind what dress you wear?"

"I understand," Nancy said at once, with quick perception. "You are quite right, Richard. What would your mother say if I went with bedraggled skirts and soiled boots? Of course, of course, you are quite right; you must come for me; and Jim will see that the pavement is dry."

"Have you any white-rose scent for your handkerchief, Nancy?" he asked. "That is the only scent the Mater seems fond of. No?—then I'll try and get some and send it in to you this evening. Oh, you will make a conquest, be sure!"

"What time to-morrow afternoon, Richard, must I be ready?"

"Four; will that do?"

"Very well; now I must be going back into the town. Four o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Oh, dear, I wish it was all over!" said Nanciebel, plaintively.

And perhaps the gentle little widow out there at Woodend had some such thought in her mind when her son told her of this proposed visit on the following day. It is true, she knew what was expected of her. Her rôle had been pointed out to her that evening on which Richard had slipped the green volume into her hand. And indeed she had made up her mind that if the girl on whom he had set his affections seemed to have an amiable disposition and good manners, she would not allow the fact of her having stood behind a counter to influence her mind. So many young men had done worse! And even if there were some little defect here or there, some lack of sensitiveness or refinement, might not that give way to womanly sympathy and guidance? This little woman was prepared to do a good deal for her beloved son. Whom else had she to care for in the world?

And yet, notwithstanding all these kindly and considerate resolves, and notwithstanding the diligent coaching that Nanciebel had received from her sweetheart, it must be confessed that the meeting between the two women on the following afternoon was, especially at first, of the most constrained and ominous kind. Mr. Richard was so proud of the opportunity of showing off the beautiful and precious prize he had won for himself that he hardly heeded; he was eager and talkative, and his volubility seemed in a measure to fill the void of silence that otherwise might have been marked. It is true, he had been disappointed that his mother and his chosen bride did not fall upon each other's neck and weep gentle and sympathetic tears; and he had been surprised to hear the little widow address Nancy as "Miss Marlow;" but he would not admit to himself that there was any coldness on either side. Not at all; he was descanting to his mother on Nancy's general characteristics; indulging in a little sarcasm, even, to give the whole interview a sort of playful and friendly cast; but conclusively proving that Nancy and his mother held precisely the same opinions, and were bound to agree upon every possible subject. Nancy, for example, was a devoted admirer of the late Lord Beaconsfield, and did not fail to wear a primrose on Primrose Day. Nancy believed that the honor of the country was safe in the hands of the Conservative party; and that Radicals, and Socialists, and atheists, and people of that sort, had nothing in view but the destruction of property and the total abolition of law. Nancy was a devout adherent of the Church of England, and considered it unbecoming, if not positively dangerous, for bishops to have any dealings with the Dissenters. Nancy strongly disapproved of women's-right women. Nor was Nancy quite sure about the influence of the School Boards, which she considered apt to draw away the children from their proper and natural guardians and friends, who had always been good to them in times past. Nancy detested the use of cosmetics, and wondered that respectable girls in London could condescend to such practices. As to tight-lacing, Nancy was also sound: who but a fool would want to sing "I'd be a butterfly?" In short, it was Nancy and Nancy and Nancy all the time; why should any one speak of Miss Marlow?

But here a significant little incident occurred, which showed how very differently mother and son viewed this position of affairs. When Nanciebel was ushered into the drawing-room, Mr. Richard insisted on her laying aside her hat and jacket and gloves, so that she should have the appearance of being quite at home; and then he conducted her to a little windowed recess at the top of the room, which his mother used as a boudoir. It was a remarkably snug and cosy apartment; a couch running round three sides of it; shelves of books covering two of the walls; the windows commanding a view of the garden, where thrushes and blackbirds and starlings were hunting about among the snow for the food which the widow was wont to fling abroad with a generous hand. It would have pleased Mr. Richard if his mother and his sweetheart, on entering this secluded little place, had sat down together, perhaps arm-in-arm; but somehow Miss Marlow took her seat on one side, where she remained, looking amiable and attentive if somewhat silent, while Mrs. Kingston, on the couch opposite her, listened to her son's dithyrambics or glanced out upon the wintry garden as she spoke. And what now happened was this: Mr. Richard, having conclusively shown that Miss Marlow's mental and moral qualities, and her opinions on political, religious and social subjects generally, were such as to commend her to any intelligent and reasonable human being, proceeded, in a sort of half-playful and kindly way, to say something of the young lady's appearance. You see, she appeared to be already one of the family. Here she was, in the snug little corner, not with hat and gloves on, as though she were paying a formal call, but as if she had just come down from her own room, to have a little chat before tea was brought in. And thus it was that when Mr. Richard, chancing to talk of the fashion in which his beloved wore her hair, went on to suggest that perhaps it might suit her better to wear it a little higher on her forehead, he quite naturally and unthinkingly crossed over to her and with a light touch or two of his fingers pushed back her hair, so as to invite his mother's opinion. But the reply he received startled him.

"Richard!" the widow exclaimed, in amazed protest: and then all at once he knew how differently his mother and he were regarding this young lady. Not yet was she the daughter of the house, to be treated with familiar little caressings and pettings; she was only a visitor, she was only Miss Marlow, to be treated with decorum and respect. As for poor little Nancy, she was terribly embarrassed. Richard, she knew, should not have taken this liberty, but he had done it almost before she was aware; and indeed it was not until afterwards she bethought her of what Mrs. Kingston might guess from this little incident. Mr. Richard did not try any more experiments with Miss Marlow's hair, or seek to alter the way in which it lay on her forehead. He returned to his seat with an uneasy consciousness that he had made a mistake, and perhaps even compromised Nancy a little; but fortunately at this moment tea was brought in, and that proved to be a welcome distraction.

For, in truth, the widow, critical as she might be of her son's choice, could hardly help sympathizing with the girl in the lonely and embarrassing position in which she was placed; and then again Nancy, though shy and silent, was obviously most anxious to please. Once, indeed, in answer to a question, she said, "Yes, ma'am;" and although Mr. Richard inwardly winced—for the phrase recalled the shop and the counter—his mother did not appear to look on it in that light. Perhaps it was a kind of pathetic confession of humility; perhaps it was a kind of tribute to the widow's dignity; and every one knows how people who are not gifted with any great magnificence of manner are pleased when they think they impress.

Moreover, when, in the general talk that now ensued round the tiny tea-table, there was any possibility of a difference of opinion, Mr. Richard adroitly managed that his mother and Nancy should be on the same side, while he challenged their combined forces from the other. Take the question of Mops, for example. The Mop in Stratford-on-Avon, as in some other old English towns, is a hiring fair at which farm-servants, men and women, come in from the surrounding country to offer their services to master or mistress; and for the refreshment of these stout-stomached folks, or any other who may be of a like mind, oxen and pigs are roasted whole in the principal thoroughfares—the hungry yokel paying for a slice off whatever portion of the slow-revolving animal may take his fancy, and carrying the smoking plate into the adjacent public-house, where he can wash down the beef or pork with copious draughts of ale. Now there are those who hold that this roasting of a huge carcass, and the public ladling of gravy, is a brutalizing spectacle; and they would have that feature of the Mop suppressed, even if the other concomitants—the merry-go-rounds, the boxing-booths, the rifle-galleries, and what not—were allowed to remain. This was Mrs. Kingston's opinion, and Mr. Richard cunningly contrived that it should be Nanciebel's also.

"Oh, I think the Old World customs should be preserved," said he, boldly, "so long as they don't involve cruelty to animals, and you don't put an ox to shame by roasting it in public. They talk of asking the magistrates to suppress the Mop altogether; so that I suppose they wouldn't even allow the men and women to come into the town with a bit of straw stuck in their cap, or whatever other symbol it is that tells the farmer what kind of work the applicant wants. Well, I think it is a pity; I think the old ceremonies and customs should be preserved."

"The roasting of these animals in the streets seems to me simply horrid," his mother said.

"Well, I know that is Nancy's opinion, too," he said (Nancy never having uttered a single word to him at any time on the subject), "and I don't wonder she should refuse to go through the streets on the day of the Mop. The smell of the cooking is rather too pronounced. Still, there is no reason why fastidious people like you and Nancy should go near at all. You may keep away. Give the bucolics their holiday in the manner they can enjoy it; roasting animals has always been a sign of rejoicing; it is a testimony—in fact, you can see it only too plainly if you are walking along Chapel Street—that there is fat in the land."

"Don't, Richard!" his mother said, with a piteous expression; and he was quite willing to abandon the controversy, leaving his mother and Nanciebel on the winning side together.

Well, the visit came to an end at last, and Mrs. Kingston bade good-by to Nancy without a word having been said on the subject which was, no doubt, uppermost in both their minds. Nor was there any parting embrace, nor the slightest recognition of the peculiar circumstances that had brought about this interview. None the less was Mr. Richard triumphant as he drove away his chosen bride through the melting snow.

"What do you say now, Nanciebel?" he demanded; "didn't everything go off first-rate?"

"Oh, Richard, I am just dying of shame," she murmured; and she wouldn't look at him.

"Why, what is the matter?" he asked, in astonishment. "I thought everything went off most satisfactorily; there wasn't a slip or mistake anywhere, unless it was my own, when I took to re-arranging your hair. That did stagger the Mater, I admit."

"Richard," said she, "didn't you notice? When you asked me in the hall if I had got my gloves, I said, 'yes, dear.' The next moment I thought I should have sank through the floor with shame and mortification."

"I'm sure I did not notice it," he said.

"But your mother did—I saw her look."

"Very well, then—a good thing, too! Why should she not know the actual relations that exist between us? Now that I think of it, I am not sorry that I raised your hair a little bit on your forehead, and tried the effect of it, as if you already belonged to me. No, I am not sorry. It is better she should know; then she will understand the intimacy of our relationship, and the length of time it has lasted. I have no doubt she thought it was only a passing fancy. That was why she talked of Shanghai. There was no mention of Shanghai this afternoon."

"No, Richard, for she seemed careful not to admit that she understood there was anything between you and me," said Nanciebel, who was a good deal less confident than her lover. "She treated me just like a stranger—but very kindly, I must say that. And—and I am not nearly so afraid of her as I was," Nanciebel added.

"Afraid of her!" he repeated, with a laugh, "why, you two will be the fastest friends in the world within a couple of months from now. I told you she would never be able to resist you. She seemed pleased with you throughout; and you never in your life looked prettier or more winning—that I know."

Nanciebel shook her head.

"A woman understands a woman's ways of looking and talking," she said. "If ever she does give her consent, it will be simply and solely for your sake, Richard. She does not like me."

"Nancy!"

"Ah, but I know," said Nanciebel, doggedly. "I don't suppose she positively hates me, for I gave her no occasion by provoking a quarrel or anything of that kind, but I dare say she is crying at this moment, and wishing, in a sort of way, that I had never been born."

"And you think that is the impression she formed of you, Nancy?" he asked. "I tell you you are too diffident. You don't know your own value. Of course she couldn't say anything—to your face; but wait till I get home this evening, then she will speak; and be sure, when I next see you, I shall be able to tell you something that will banish all those idle fears and surmises. You think you could judge by her expression?

RETURNING FROM

M THE WRECK.

Well, then, you have made a bad guess, my dear Nancy, as I will prove to you to-morrow."

She was for getting out of the pony-chaise at some point on the Alcester road, so that she might walk into the town on foot; but he would not hear of any such thing; he cared not who might know he had won his bride; he drove through Stratford and along the High Street, and up to her own door. As he bade her good-bye, he said he would call and see her the next day; he expected to have some news to tell her, as the result of this memorable interview.

But as he drove leisurely home through the gathering dusk, he was not quite so confident as he had professed to be while talking to Nanciebel. It was strange that his mother had not kissed the girl in taking leave of her. That would have been sufficient recognition. Her parting little speech to the effect that she hoped Miss Marlow would come and see her again might have been addressed to the merest stranger. As for Nancy's contention, on the other hand, that she could tell that Mrs. Kingston disliked her, and had even the monstrous inhumanity to wish that she were dead—he knew that was all nonsense. However, there would soon be an opportunity for him to learn what had been his mother's thoughts.

During dinner nothing of importance was said with regard to Nanciebel, for old Thomas, who looked after the pony, and kept the garden, and also waited at table, was continually coming and going. But after dinner Mr. Richard went direct with his mother into the drawing-room, and sat down beside her, and took her hand, and smoothed it between his own.

"Now, Mater, what are you going to say to me?"

The little woman hesitated; it was a momentous crisis in her simple and uneventful life.

"What can I say to you, Richard?" she said, rather sadly. "I do not wish to appear unkind or inconsiderate. But you must surely understand how it must be a shock to me to know that I am expected to receive a stranger into our home—"

"A stranger, mother!" he exclaimed. "How long would she be a stranger?"

"And then, my dear boy," continued the mother, in the same absent way, "I have been building up so many forecasts of your future, and this is so entirely different. However, we must do what is right—we must do what is right, whatever it may cost. Much as I should like to see you free from this—this entanglement—I would not have you win your freedom through any dishonorable action. If you have raised hopes in this young woman's heart—if you have pledged your word to her, you must stand by that. I would not have your conscience burdened by the knowledge that you had trifled with her, and cruelly forsaken her, no, not if I was thrice as anxious you should look elsewhere for a wife—"

"Why, I knew you would say that, mother!" he cried, joyfully, though his exultation was in curious contrast with the widow's half-concealed regret. "And then, consider this—if you found her passably agreeable, and pleasant-mannered, and amiable, on a first and formal interview like that, just consider how she will improve, how she will win your regard, on more intimate knowledge. What did you think of her, mother? Weren't you favorably impressed? I'm sure you must have thought she looked so pretty and neat and modest. Did you notice how soft and winning her eyes were? Couldn't you guess what her disposition was like? At all events, she tried hard to please you. I could see it in every look."

"I have no fault to find, Richard," his mother said, but without much of the enthusiasm he had hoped for. "I dare say she is a good, honest girl, and may make you a good wife—if only—if only she had some little instruction—and preparation—"

"Mother, Nancy is the quickest girl in apprehension you ever saw!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "I don't know in what you consider her deficient, but I know she would be delighted to learn—and especially from you. Didn't you see how respectful she was to you?" he continued, with insidious flattery. "She would be a most willing pupil. Of course you saw she was shy—that was but natural in a girl of her age, and in the peculiar circumstances. You could not expect her to have your self-possession and grace of manner; that is something that can only be acquired by long training—but how willingly Nancy would try to learn!"

"It is all so strange to me as yet, Richard," Mrs. Kingston said, at length, "that I hardly know what to do; but in such an important matter I cannot act entirely on my own responsibility. I will write to your uncle Charles. Perhaps he will run up from Bristol."

"Mother!" Mr. Richard protested, with some indignation, "do you want to frighten poor Nancy out of her senses? A family conclave—a jury of strangers to summon the poor girl before them—"

"You cannot call your uncle Charles a stranger," his mother retorted, but without asperity; this alarming thing that had happened had stunned and frightened her rather than made her angry. "Who, after myself, could have your interests more at heart? And I have been thinking, Richard, that if you still persist in this project, or if you are bound in honor to Miss Marlow, then perhaps your uncle Charles would receive her into the vicarage for a while, and let her associate with your girl cousins. A clergyman's house is the best school in the world for any one who wishes to pick up the ways and manners, the little courtesies and politenesses of refined society. And I am sure the separation would be wholesome for both you and her; it would give you time to reflect; it would enable you to test the strength of your regard for each other. Now, Richard, dear, don't ask me to say anything more until I have consulted with your uncle. I am sure that our chief and only consideration will be your happiness."

That silenced him, of course; he could plead and urge no further. But when he thought of his having to communicate this new scheme to Nancy on the next day his heart sunk within him. Poor Nanciebel!

CHAPTER III.

"ADIEU, MY DEAR!"

In reply to the widow's letter, the Rev. Charles Henningham came up from Bristol forthwith; he was not one to underestimate the gravity of such a crisis in the family affairs. He was a small, thin, nervous, pale-faced man, with large, almost feminine eyes, and with a manner as gentle and delicate as that of his sister. Like her, too, in this particular instance, he never for a moment thought of repudiating the obligations under which his nephew Richard had placed himself—not at all; if the young man had pledged his word to an honest and honorable girl, he must stand by it, and his family must simply try to do the best in the circumstances.

Mr. Richard was not at home when his uncle arrived, so that there was a little preliminary conversation between brother and sister—of course, about Nanciebel.

"I presume, Cecilia," said the nervous little clergyman, in his softly modulated tones, "that she has none of the accomplishments one would naturally wish Richard's wife to have?"

"Indeed, I never thought of questioning Richard on that point," Mrs. Kingston said, "for I supposed she would merely have the ordinary education of one in her sphere of life. Of course she can read and write and figure up accounts; but beyond that, what? Not that I put much value myself on young-lady accomplishments. A girl can get on very well without Italian and French and German and music, if she has a good manner, and can write a clever letter, and play lawn-tennis. But really this girl on whom Richard has set his heart has no manner at all; that afternoon she was here, she had absolutely nothing to say for herself. And you know how popular Richard is, Charles; his good looks and high spirits stand him in good stead everywhere; and to think of his being joined for life to this—this—well, I will say nothing against her—but I cannot help regarding it as a cruel misfortune."

"We must make the best of it, Cecilia," said the clergyman, with chastened resignation; "and you may count on me to do what I can. If you think she would gain any improvement by coming to the vicarage for a few months—or even for a year, if you consider a lengthened period of separation advisable—I shall be glad to take her, and she might join Gertrude and Laura in their studies, as far as that is practicable. You say she appears amiable and sincere, and I am sure if there was any objectionable feature in her character she would not have been Richard's choice."

"It would be the greatest kindness, Charles," the widow said, with obvious gratitude. "It might not be practicable for her to join your girls in their studies—they are too far advanced—and it would be too late in the day for her to begin music now; but she might practise her handwriting until she acquired a good style, and they might teach her lawn-tennis. But, above all, what I should hope for is her gaining a little more self-confidence and frankness—familiarity with good manners—and so forth; and where could she find two more charming girls to observe and copy than Gertrude and Laura? Of course it will be a difficult thing to propose to her without wounding her susceptibilities. We can't tell her that she is ill-educated, or gawky in manner, or unacquainted with the ways and politenesses of a well-bred family; it will be easier to point out the necessity for some period of separation, as a test of their regard for each other. And I hope she will understand that it is done in kindness; for, after all, if she is to be Richard's wife, I trust she will bear no grudge against any one of us."

"She would be a very ungrateful young woman if she did," said the clergyman, with unusual severity, "considering the very great sacrifices we are all of us prepared to make for her."

And what did Nanciebel say to this scheme when it was laid before her? It was Mr. Richard who communicated it to her. On the day following his uncle's arrival, he called in at the shop in the High Street, and asked Nancy to come for a stroll with him; and, as her sister Kate was there, she consented; and the two of them walked along Chapel Street and Church Street without the slightest pretence of concealment. The temporary thaw had been succeeded by hard frost; the snow again lay crisp and clear; while the roads glittered with broken ice in the cart-ruts. There was a blue sky overhead; it was a bright, inspiriting morning; these young folks had no thought of the cold. They passed the church; they went down by the mill; they ascended the slippery steps of the foot-bridge, and there, leaning on the rail, they paused to look at the sluggish green river, or at the wide white snow landscape all shining in the sun. And here it was that he told her what his mother and uncle proposed should be done.

"Oh, Richard," she said, when his tale was finished, "that is as bad as your going to Shanghai!"

"Well, it is not, Nanciebel!" he made answer. "For I should be allowed to go down and see you from time to time; and it is easier sending messages, or birthday presents, or things of that kind, between Stratford and Bristol than between Stratford and Shanghai. But the great difference is this: my uncle Charles, with whom you would be staying, is one of the gentlest and kindest of men, whereas my uncle in China, from what I can remember of him, is one of the most fiery and ill-tempered—a regular pepper-caster. You see, both the Mater and I have grievously offended him. He has been talking for ever so long back of retiring—he has made a large fortune; and he has always been anxious that I should go out and become a junior member of the firm; I suppose he could make that one of his conditions. Well, you know, the Mater wanted me at home; and besides I have no turn for business; and at home I have stayed. I dare say he considers us a couple of fools. But if I were to go out to Shanghai, and if he were to discover that I hadn't come with any intention of studying Pekoe and Souchong, but only to be kept away for a while from a too fascinating young lady in Warwickshire, then there would be an explosion! I should have a remarkably lively time of it during that six months! Whereas you, Nanciebel, you will be with the very nicest people you could wish for; and they will be very kind to you, for my mother's sake; and I will write to you every day—that is to say, if I am only allowed to send you one letter a week, that can't prevent my writing every day, and sending you the whole budget on Saturday. Do you see, Nanciebel?"

"Well, I don't understand yet, Richard," said Nanciebel, gazing mournfully at the green river, with its slow-moving patches of ice; "I don't understand why they should want us to be separated, unless it is in the hope of the separation being forever."

"How can you say that, Nancy?" he protested. "Why, isn't it on the distinct understanding that you are to be my wife that the Mater has made this proposal, and that my uncle asks you to make his house your home? Would they take all this trouble for nothing? Then there's another thing, Nanciebel. If I were dealing with a stern and truculent parent, threatening and bullying, I might be tempted to show fight; I should probably say, 'I have chosen my wife, and stamping and roaring won't alter the fact. You say you will cut me off with a shilling? well, go and do it, and be hanged to you!' But you know, Nancy, you couldn't use language like that to such a gentle creature as the Mater; and as for cutting me off with a shilling, no one threatens to do that, for the simple reason that no one has the power; when I am twenty-five, some eighteen months hence, I come into my little money, and am my own master. So that in the mean time, Nanciebel, why should you grumble over our being separated for a while?"

"It seems to me, Richard," said Nanciebel, with a pout, "that you take this separation very easily. I believe you are glad to get rid of me."

"Oh yes, certainly," said he, sidling closer to her as they leaned over the rail of the bridge. "That is extremely probable. Have you made any other discovery, Nancy?"

"Well, how would you like it yourself?" she asked, abruptly. "How would you like to be taken away from your own family—as if they weren't good enough for you to associate with—and sent to live among strangers?"

"If you mean being sent to live at Holiwell Vicarage, I should like it amazingly," said he, with a jovial air. "My cousins are awfully nice girls—and extremely pretty, too. I shouldn't object, not in the least!"

She moved away from him, and remained silent.

"Come now, Nanciebel," he said, following her, "don't be sulky. Tell me I may say to my mother that you will consider this scheme, and that if your brother has no objection you will do what she wants."

"No," said Nanciebel, distinctly, "I refuse. I am not going to tell my family that they are no longer good enough for me. I refuse! that is my answer. You can go down to Bristol, if you like; if you prefer your cousins to me you are welcome!"

"I never said anything of the kind," he exclaimed.

"You did, and you said you would be glad to be rid of me—"

"Nancy!"

"It is mean of you—downright mean of you," she said, in indignant tones, "to deny having said certain things simply because you did not use such and such words. What you intended to say is quite enough for me—thank you! And I have had enough—all the way round. I wish to have done with such treatment, once for all. I am going home."

She moved proudly away; but he accompanied her. Then she stood stock-still.

"I wish to go alone," she said, with firm lips.

"I sha'n't allow you," he said (not dreaming there was anything serious in the wind). "I know better than you what is good for you, Nancy; I am going back with you."

She remained undecided for a moment—vexed, and mortified, and helpless. Then she said, slowly and bitterly,

"I have often heard that one may be born in the position of a gentleman without having the manners or feelings of a gentleman, but I had never seen it before. I should have thought that a gentleman would respect my wish."

"No, no, Nanciebel," said he, shaking his head, "the tragedy-queen does not become you. You're not tall enough, not fierce enough. Are you going to give me your hand?"

An implacable determination was on her mouth.

"I wish to pass," said she, stiffly (though he was not barring the way at all). "And I wish to go back home alone."

Then quick as flame his mood changed.

"Oh, go home alone, then!" he said, with frowning brows; and the next moment he had turned from her and was striding eastward along the bridge, leaving Nanciebel to get down the slippery steps and make her way home as she pleased.

As for him, he struck off through the snow-covered meadows, caring little whither he went, but vowing vengeance all the time. She was too unreasonable! He would suffer this kind of thing no longer. Here were both his mother and his uncle doing everything they could think of for her—not spurning her and refusing to receive her into the family, as many would have done, but laying thoughtful and kindly plans and schemes to assure her a happy future; and she must needs break out into a fit of temper, and flatly decline to accept their good offices. It was too outrageously unreasonable! He would teach her a lesson this time. She would have to come humbly to him, and promise amendment, before he would permit of any reconciliation. Nanciebel would find out that he was not to be trifled with.

Alas! for those brave resolutions: the first thing he saw on returning to Woodend was a small packet, addressed to himself, lying on the hall table. He opened it, hurriedly and anxiously, for he had recognized the handwriting. Here were a bundle of letters, and one or two tiny packages carefully wrapped up; likewise the following note:

"Richard,—*I return you your letters, and also the presents you have given me. Good-by.*
"Nancy."

He stared, in alarm and bewilderment. Did she mean it? Had she taken mortal offence because of the imagined slight to her family—a slight that he ought to have explained away? Perhaps she had consulted her elder brother before taking this serious step! And then (with a jump of the heart) he observed that before the word "*letters*" in the above note she had originally written "*dear*," but had scored that out. The obliteration had been done but lightly; perhaps she had meant him to see the little adjective, after all? He was not so angry with Nanciebel now. It was her love that had dictated that little word of four letters, if it was her pride that had compelled her to score it out again.

Toward dusk, on the same afternoon, Mr. Richard again made his appearance in the High Street. Nanciebel blushed furiously when he entered the shop; there was a curious look in her eyes, moreover; his heart smote him—he guessed she had been crying.

"I want to speak to you, Nancy," he said, in a grave voice.

Her sister Kate was behind the counter, busy with her needle; so, without more ado, Nancy drew a shawl round her shoulders, and passed into the back garden, leaving the door open. He was at her side in a second.

"Will you take back the letters, Nancy?" said he, rather hesitatingly, for he knew not in what mood she might be. "You cannot mean what you say. It isn't all over between us because—because of a quarrel. And I'm sure I had no intention of saying or hinting that your family were not good enough for you to associate with—no such intention in the world."

"Oh, Richard," she suddenly said, in a voice full of pathetic appeal, "do be good to me! It quite breaks my heart when there is anything wrong between you and me! I will do what you want. I will do everything your mother wishes, only—only—be kind to me, Richard!"

The next instant his hands were clasped round her soft dark hair; her eyes were upturned to his.

"Why aren't you always like this, Nancy?" he said.

"Because you won't let me," she said, plaintively. "But don't begin again, Richard! Have you—have you brought the letters—and the locket, and the other things?"

He took the little package from his pocket and handed it to her; she furtively kissed it ere transferring it to her own.

"So you will go to Bristol, Nanciebel?"

"Yes, dear," she said, looking down again.

"And do you imagine I don't understand what you are thinking—or dreading? And, of course, I sympathize with you all the same, even if I know your fears are groundless. Why, they will be as kind to you as it is possible for you to wish! It isn't as if you were going as a governess into a strange house, where the daughters might bully you, and the servants try to snub you; you are going to a home—to be received as my future wife; and the chief points of education that the Mater seems to have in view are lawn-tennis and the way of dressing your hair—though I fancy you could give Gerty and Laura a lesson in that, rather than they you. It seems to me that it will be simply a holiday for you—a long holiday—"

"Yes, Richard, long—how long?" she interposed.

"They are talking about a year," he answered, evasively.

"Ah, well," she responded, with a submissive sigh, "I suppose, if I have promised to do everything your mother wishes, there is no more to be said. But it will be dreadful, Richard—never seeing you. I shall lose heart, I know. I have heard of people pining and moping until they fell into an illness; well, if that should happen to me, perhaps I shall not be sorry. I have only been in the way—and a cause of trouble. But if anything were to happen to me—when I was far from my friends, and from you, and from any one I cared for—I should have the consolation of knowing that I had done everything that had been asked of me; and I suppose your mother and your uncle would have no ill-feeling toward me then; and you—you wouldn't quite forget Nanciebel—sometimes you would remember—"

There was a sob in the dark.

"Come, come, Nancy," said he, soothingly, "you needn't have any such apprehensions. And you are not going to be left all alone like that. I shall stipulate for being allowed to go down and see you once at least in every two months—they talked of three months—"

"Couldn't it be every month, Richard?" she pleaded.

"Nanciebel," said he, "you'd begin to think me a nuisance. Why, you'll be so busy with your amusements and excursions, and all the charitable work connected with the vicarage, that you'd resent my coming bothering you so often. However, that can all be arranged afterward. You will find the Mater most considerate; she will agree to anything you ask; and don't imagine you are going to banishment or imprisonment—

but to have a long and pleasant holiday, in a nice house, among the most friendly people in the world."

That night at dinner Mr. Richard informed his mother and his uncle that Miss Marlow had given her consent to the scheme which had been placed before her, and pathetically tried to draw from them some expression of sympathy or approval. But the widow received the news with a grave reserve; perhaps in her secret heart she had been wondering whether Nanciebel might not definitely refuse, and so prepare the way for a rupture of the engagement.

"I hope it will turn out well, Richard," the mild-voiced clergyman said, "and I am sure myself and the girls will do what we can to make the young lady feel at home. We must simply agree to regard her as already one of the family. But sometimes I wonder what your uncle Alexander will say when he comes to hear of it."

"My uncle Alexander," said Mr. Richard, with some independence, "seems to think he owns me, simply because he happens to have been my father's brother. But I do not see that I am so much beholden to him. I hardly know him, to begin with; and he has done nothing for me—except to make offers he must have known I could not accept."

"He might do a great deal for you," the widow said. "He has made a large fortune—"

"Yes, but of course he'll leave it all to that girl, his step-daughter. She is the only one who has any claim on him. I don't consider I should look to him for anything."

"Well, you needn't," his mother said, sadly, "after he hears of what has now taken place."

"What I look to him for," said Mr. Richard, with some firmness (for well he knew what view the irascible old gentleman out in Shanghai would take of this matter), "is to mind his own affairs, and not to interfere where he is not wanted. He writes about me," he continued, addressing his uncle, "as if I were a little child, and as if the Mater were a nursery governess neglecting her duty. Well, I won't have it. He hasn't acquired the right to intermeddle."

"He has been most kind and thoughtful," Mrs. Kingston pleaded. "If his remonstrances were sometimes couched in plain language, surely, my dear boy, you must have known what his intentions were. Again and again he has offered to give you a place in the firm; and if I have been selfish enough to ask you to relinquish these chances, and to stay at home with me, it hasn't been always with a good conscience."

"Well, well, mother," her son replied, "it is no use talking about that now. I am not going out to Shanghai. And I don't want any of Uncle Alexander's money; let it go to my cousin, who is not my cousin—Florence her name is, isn't it?"

Now the Rev. Mr. Henningham had to return to Bristol the next day; but it was hardly to be expected that Nanciebel could accompany him on such short notice. She would wish to say good-by to her friends and relatives; moreover, her wardrobe might require looking after, seeing that she was to be away for so long; and Mrs. Kingston undertook that the young lady should arrive at Holiwell Vicarage fully equipped. Nanciebel had again been persuaded to pay an afternoon visit to Woodend; and although she was quite as shy, and nearly as silent, as on the previous occasion, nevertheless her neat appearance and becoming modesty made a favorable impression on the clergyman, while Mrs. Kingston, now fully recognizing the course of events as inevitable, made less constrained advances toward friendliness and intimacy. Mr. Richard seemed highly pleased with the result of this interview. It all seemed settled now. And Nancy no longer appeared to be afraid. That period of banishment was not to be so dreadful, after all.

In the mean time Uncle Charles had nobly undertaken the duty of calling upon Nanciebel's elder brother, in order to explain to him the position of affairs, and what were their plans for the future. It was a most delicate and invidious task. For when two young people become engaged, their friends and acquaintances—and even the world at large—charitably and amiably assume that the young lady has had nothing whatever to do with bringing about this result; it is the young man who is solely and wholly responsible. Accordingly the question remained as to how Nanciebel's brother would regard this spiriting away of his sister. Doubtless he would assume that *she* was innocent of any preliminary flirtation; she had not replied to stolen glances, or let her hand part reluctantly from his, or indulged in any sort of sly and innocent coquetry. No, no. She had been pursued with attentions; flattered, coaxed; finally, out of her generous good-nature, she had given consent—to the young man who was answerable for the whole affair. As the good clergyman made his way to the shop of Emmett & Marlow, watchmakers and silversmiths, he became a little anxious. If young Marlow had taken that stationer's business chiefly as a means of providing employment for his sisters, he might be willing enough to have the maintenance of one of the girls taken off his hands. If, on the contrary, he had embarked in the enterprise as a speculation on his own account, he might object to have his manageress carried off in this peremptory fashion. Much would depend on his personal disposition; and Mr. Henningham, who was a peaceable and timid little man, hoped at least that young Marlow would not turn out to be a fierce and angry Radical, indignant at the thought of his sister being borne away in captivity in order to become the bride of a scion of the so-called upper classes.

Mr. Henningham was speedily reassured. Nanciebel's brother he found to be a respectable, quiet-mannered, sensible young man, who spoke with equal intelligence and frankness.

"No, sir," he said, respectfully, to the clergyman; "I did not like your nephew coming about the place at all. I would have stopped it if I had known in time. I think Nancy ought to marry in her own circle. However, I suppose it is no use talking about that now. Well, I think your proposal is very generous, and I see good reasons for it; the only thing is, that you must allow me to pay for my sister's board."

"My dear sir," said the clergyman, blandly, "I hope you will not raise the question. I think both Mrs. Kingston and myself would prefer to regard your sister as already one of the family."

The young man flushed.

"Oh, I can't have Nancy go anywhere as a beggar," said he, but without rudeness. "Once she is married, it will be different."

"We will waive the point at present, then," said Mr. Henningham, who was extremely pleased to have got over this awkward interview so easily; and, as he was going away, he was good enough to say: "And, of course, you understand that while we consider this period of separation a wholesome thing as between those young people, we have no wish to restrict Miss Marlow's full and free intercourse with her own relatives; and if her sister or yourself were at any time anywhere near Bristol, I should be only too pleased to see you at Holiwell Vicarage."

Uncle Charles went away down again into Somersetshire, to tell his daughters whom they were to expect. Then a week or two went by, during which Nanciebel was preparing for her departure. Then came the night of farewell (for she was going off by train next morning), and Nancy and her lover were, as on many a previous occasion, strolling arm in arm up and down the little tiled court-yard.

"Life is so much harder in reality," Nanciebel was saying, in rather a sad way, "than it is in things you read of in books. I thought it was kind of your mother to give me *Tennyson's Poems* yesterday, Richard. She told me how it was you asked for her consent, and how she couldn't refuse; and when I came home I read the poem all over again. But everything went so easily for the Miller's daughter. A single interview with the young man's mother—that was all. There was no talk of sending her away from her friends—to live with strangers—perhaps for a whole year. You say they are not strangers, Richard dear; and, of course, they are not to you; but they are to me. And the life will be strange. I know I shall feel dreadfully lonely. I shall spend half the night crying."

"No, no, no, Nanciebel!" he said. "You don't know what you are talking about. It will be a far pleasanter life for you than your present one."

"Without you, Richard?" she said, reproachfully.

"I am talking of the average circumstances," said he—perhaps conscious that he was an exceptional one. "You will have the fun that my cousins have, with nothing of their hard drill. While they are grinding away at Latin and French and German, you will have nothing but English literature to get up; and while they are hammering at fugues and sonatas, you will only have to practise your handwriting—and you can do that by writing to me. There will be no lawn-tennis as yet, of course; but you can play battledoor and shuttlecock in the hall; and you will be expected to take part in entertainments for the instruction and amusement of the villagers; and won't that develop your self-confidence, Nanciebel?"

"I am sure Bristol must be a dreadful place to live in," said Nancy, with a sigh.

"Why, it is one of the most beautiful towns in England!" he protested. "Of course you will be living a little way out in the country. But wait till I come to see you; I will take you into the town, and show you the College Green, and the Whiteladies' Road, and Durdham Down, and Clifton Down, and the Suspension-Bridge, and the steep banks of the Avon all hanging in foliage. Why, it is a beautiful neighborhood—not flat and tame like this, but with plenty of heights and cliffs, and open spaces covered with hawthorn in the spring. Oh, I can tell you Bristol is a most picturesque place!"

"What do I care about that?" said Nanciebel, as if in echo of "What's this dull town to me?" And then she continued, "Richard, I have got a little pocket almanac, and I am going to mark with red ink all the dates fixed for your coming to Bristol; and every night, before going to bed, I will score out the day that has passed and say, 'There's another day of misery got over!'"

"And mind this, Nancy," he said; "though we have promised to send each other a letter only once a fortnight, that does not prevent you writing every day in the week, and keeping the sheets until the proper time has come. I am sure I mean to do that; as I told you before, it will be a kind of diary: and you must tell me everything you are thinking, so that I may be certain I know exactly the truth. Oh, I don't say you may not find it a little lonely at first. You will be thinking of the pleasant evenings we have spent here, or the morning strolls out to the Weir Brake; but then, dearest, think of the necessity for the absence, and of all the greater happiness in store for us. There are very few engaged young people who have everything planned out so satisfactorily for them—friends approving, all the circumstances propitious—and what is a little waiting?"

"Ah, it is all very well for you, Richard!" she said; "you are a man, and you are high-spirited and careless. But I shall feel so lonely, and—and there will be nobody to be good to me," confessed Nanciebel, artlessly.

"You wait till I come down," said he, "and see if I don't make up for lost time."

And still more sad of heart was poor Nancy at the station on the following morning. She hardly spoke. Mr. Richard got her a *coupé*, and bribed the guard to keep it for her; she did not seem to care. Her elder brother was here to see her away, but he did not pay much attention to his sister; there were one or two acquaintances of his on the platform, and there was a Parliamentary election somewhere in the neighborhood that seemed to interest them. As the time drew near, Nanciebel grew more and more dejected. She answered her lover's remarks in monosyllables chiefly, for her lips were tremulous, and she dared not trust herself. At last she had to get into the carriage. He kissed her; she took leave of him without a word, only pressing his hand; and the last he saw of her were her tear-filled eyes piteously and longingly regarding him. Then long after the train had left the station there was a flutter of a small white handkerchief from a carriage window, and that again disappeared at a curve in the line. Nanciebel was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PABLO SARASATE AND THE FIDDLE FAMILY.

The oldest instrument used with a bow in Europe of which there is anything positive is the rebec; this is identical with the German "geige," and English fiddle, and thus the direct progenitor of the viol and violin. The outline of the rebec is something like the mandolin; the player either rested it between the chin and collar-bone, or against the breast, and bowed it like the violin. The bow used with the rebec had the form of the weapon after which it is named, with a cord or string tied from one end to the other. The rebec having a powerful tone made it useful in the mediæval orchestra, Henry the Eighth employing it in his state band. Shakespeare's musicians in *Romeo and Juliet* were no doubt rebec players. About the thirteenth century an improved instrument appeared in the south of Europe, concurrently with that remarkable musical and literary movement which is associated with the troubadours. This instrument was called "viole" or vielle; a better name is that of guitar-fiddle. The guitar-fiddle, intended to accompany the voice, was larger than its predecessors, increased size being made possible by giving it a waist, so that the bow could reach the strings; their use prepared a great advance in the art of fiddle making. The violin model differs from the viol in having shallower sides, an arched instead of flat back, and square shoulders. The honor of the invention of this model belongs to Italy, where it made its appearance about the middle of the sixteenth century. One of the earliest makers was Gaspar di Salo, probably born at Salo, a small town on the lake of Garda, the exact date not being known. He is supposed to have worked in Brescia in the latter years of the sixteenth and earlier ones of the seventeenth centuries. He was one of the earliest makers of stringed instruments who employed the model of the violin as distinguished from the pattern of the viol. His violins, however, are mostly of a small size, and therefore not in request for modern practical use; but as a maker of tenors (viola) and double basses Di Salo has never had an equal, and his instruments of these classes are eagerly sought after and highly prized.

The town of Cremona, in Lombardy, on the river Po, was for the space of two centuries, from about 1550 to 1750, the seat of the famous Cremona school of violin makers. There it was that the last step in the art of violin making was made which led to that point of perfection from which no further progress has been found possible. The family of Amati, who lived and worked in Cremona, are generally held to be the founders of the Cremona school. Andrea, the eldest of the family, was born somewhere between 1520–25, and although his instruments differ in shape from the earlier Brescian masters, he is probably a direct pupil of Di Salo and Maggini. Nicolo Amati, grandson of Andrea, born September 3, 1596, and died August 12, 1684, was the last and also the most eminent of the Amati family. As a rule, he too worked after a small model, but he also made some larger violins—the so-called "Grand Amatis"—which are particularly highly prized, and a great number of beautiful tenors and violoncellos. It was left, however, to another generation of makers—his great pupils Andreas Guarneri and the still greater Antonio Stradivari—to combine all the qualities and fix upon a model which, after a century and a half of existence, has proved itself incapable of even the most trifling improvement. Antonio Stradivari, or Antonius Stradivarius, was born in 1649 or 1650. The name takes us back to the Middle Ages, being the plural of *stradivare*, a tollman, or *donanier*, a feudal official who was posted on the *strada*, or high-road, to exact dues of travellers. Whether Antonio was a native of Cremona is doubtful, as the registers of the thirty-seven parishes of Cremona have been searched in vain for evidence of his birth or baptism there. From 1667–79 he worked in the workshop of the veteran Nicolo Amati, when, the latter retiring from business, Antonio set up for himself. He carried on his trade for over fifty years in the house he purchased at No. 1 Piazza Roma, where he died in 1737, leaving after him an imperishable name as the greatest of musical artisans who have ever lived. A genuine "Strad" is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." They command enormous prices, and lately one is said to have sold for ten thousand dollars.

Andreas Guarneri, the first of the other family, stood side by side with Stradivari in the workshop of Nicolo Amati, and, like Stradivari, developed out of his master's model an entirely original style. The greatest of the Guarneri was Joseph del Gésu, so called from the I. H. S. which he added to his name on his tickets, born 1683, and died 1745. He revived the bold and rugged outline and the masterly carelessness, and with it the massive build and powerful tone, of the earlier Brescian masters. The great tone-producing powers of the "Joseph" were very early known, but most players preferred the softer quality of the Amati and the Stradivarius violin, until the present century, when Paganini's marvellous performances on an unusually fine "Joseph" sent up their value threefold in the market. Preceding Antonio Stradivari and Joseph del Gésu, lived and worked Jacob Stainer, born July 14, 1621, at Absam, a village near Hall, about a mile from Innsbrück Tyrol, and died insane, chained to his bench, in 1683, just the year Joseph del Gésu first saw the light of day. Originally an organ-builder, he found this too laborious, and was finally apprenticed to a lute maker in Innsbrück. It is said that in the course of his travels he drifted into Italy, and worked under Nicolo or Antonio Amati. This is likely, as he was the first to introduce into Germany those Italian principles of construction which are the secret of sonority. Tradition says that Stainer would walk through the forests with a sledge-hammer, with which he struck the stems of the trees to test their resonance; and at the falling of timber on the mountain slopes Stainer would station himself at some spot where he could hear the note yielded by the tree as it rebounded from the mountain-side. The secret of Stainer's success is easily understood on opening one of his make. Then it will be found that all the component parts of the instrument were copied *in toto* from the Cremona school, and although his place in the history of German fiddle making is strongly marked and well deserved, he in no sense of the word originated a model or style, but was rather a highly skilful and artistic workman. It belongs to Italy not only to have perfected the ancient stringed instruments into the violin, but through her artists to have originated the great art of violin playing.

Arcangelo Corelli, the first among Italy's sons to win renown as violinist and composer for instruments of the viol class, was born at Fusignano, Imola, in 1653. He appears to have travelled throughout Europe, staying for some time at Munich, attached to the court of the Elector of Bavaria. In 1681 he returned to Italy, and settled at Rome, where he published his first work, a set of twelve sonatas. He soon made a great reputation, and won the favor of Cardinal Pietro Ottoboni, living in his palace up to the day of his death (January 18, 1713), conducting there the concerts which took place every Monday, then considered the most interesting events in Roman musical life. Corelli has a double claim to a prominent place in the history of music—as a great violinist he laid a firm foundation for all future development of technique and of a pure style of playing, and as a composer he materially advanced the progress of composition. Indeed, Corelli and Luigi Boccherini, born at Lucca, June 14, 1740, and who afterward moved to Spain, dying at Madrid, May 28, 1805, may rightly be considered the fathers of the chamber music of the present day. Guiseppe Tartini, born at Pirano, a town in Istria, April 12, 1692, was legitimately the successor of Corelli, both as player and composer, representing in both respects the next step in the development of the art. The one, to which Corelli belongs, gifted with an unerring sense of artistic purity, the strongest feeling for simplicity, beauty of form and sound—with pathos, dignity, and gracefulness their chief means of expression; the other, represented in Tartini, while sharing all the great qualities of the former, added to them that Southern fire of passion and emotion which carries everything before it.

One of the greatest of violinists of all ages, and the last great representative of the classical Italian school, was Giovanni Battista Viotti, born March 23, 1753, at Fontanetto, a village in Piedmont. He learned music first with his father, a blacksmith, and from an itinerant musician named Giovannini. In 1766 a bishop, struck by the boy's cleverness, sent him to Turin, where Prince Pozzo de la Cisterna placed him under Pugnani, a pupil of Tartini's. In 1780 he travelled with his master throughout Germany, Poland, Russia, and England, meeting with enormous success everywhere. From London he went to Paris, making his first appearance there, at the Concert Spirituel, in 1782. At the outbreak of the Revolution, Viotti was the manager of the Italian opera, but the political convulsion of those momentous days brought ruin to Viotti, and he left Paris for London, where he for some time set up as a wine merchant. He renewed, too, his former successes as violinist, but owing probably to the circumstance that he had some personal dealings with the Duc d'Orleans (Philippe Égalite), Viotti fell under suspicion, and was advised to leave England. He returned there, however, and died in London, March 10, 1824. His style of playing kept in mind the noble pathos of his great school, treating his instrument, above all, as a singing voice, and keeping strictly within its natural resources. As a composer, he was among the first to apply the extended modern sonata form to the violin concerto, and to avail himself of the resources of the modern orchestra in his orchestral accompaniments. We owe partly to Viotti the perfected Tourté bow, without which the great technique attained upon the violin would be impossible. François Tourté, the most famous of violin bow makers, was born in Paris in 1747, and died there in 1835. He came of a family of bow makers, but originally became a watchmaker. The great dexterity and lightness of hand which he acquired making watches stood him in good stead when he finally became a bow maker. Under his bow the violin became a different instrument, and all bow makers have since copied the Tourté pattern, the value of their productions being measured by the success with which they have applied his principles. From Viotti we again see in his pupil, Pierre Rode, born at Bordeaux, February 26, 1774, another great violinist. Rode was a great wanderer, and thus had but few pupils; but one of these, Joseph Böehm, born at Pesth, 1798, and died in Vienna, March 23, 1876, afterward became the master of Ernst L. Straus, and that greatest of all living violinists,